593

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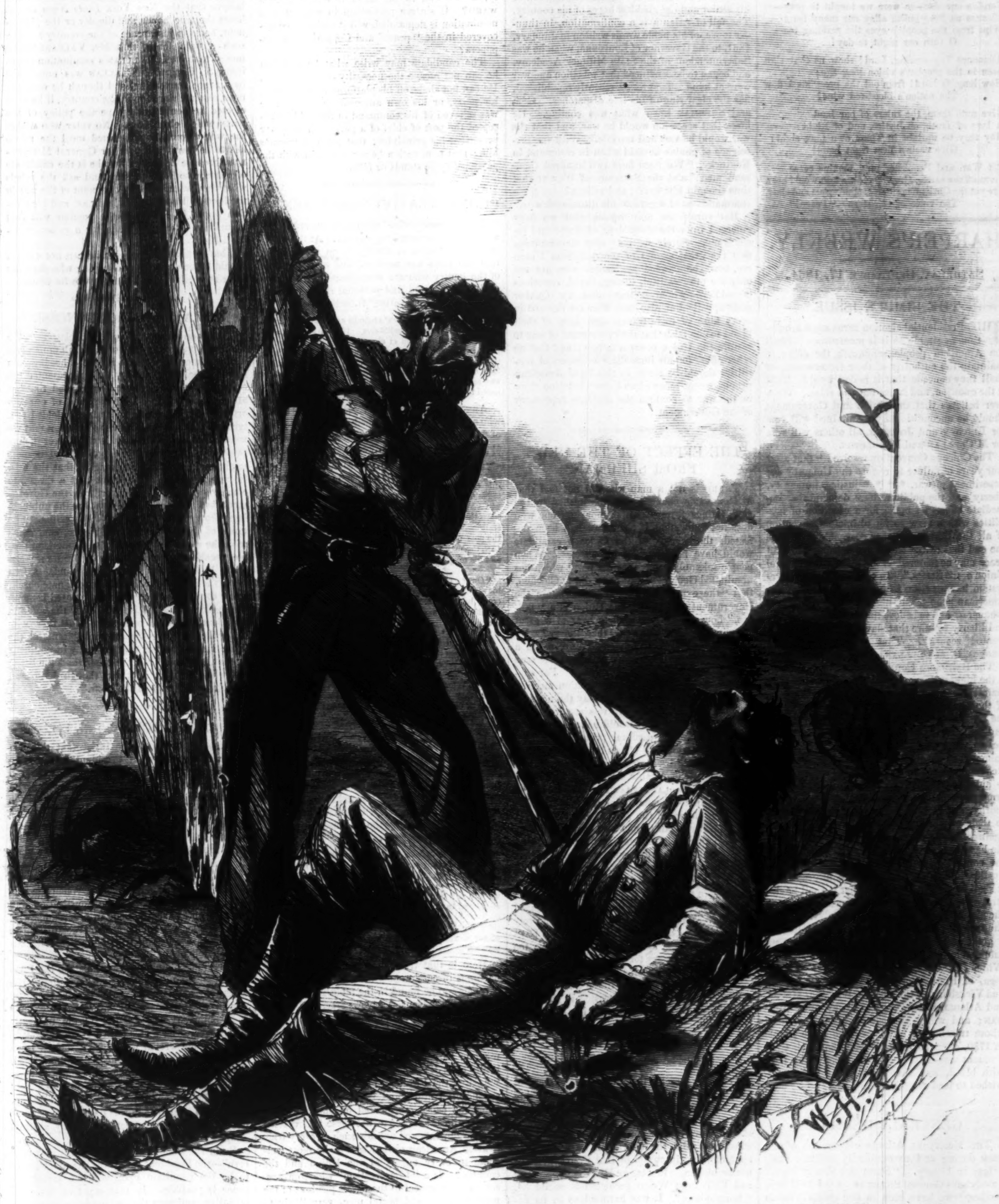

HARRY DAVIS CAPTURING THE BATTLE-FLAG OF THE THIRTIETH LOUISIANA REGIMENT, AT THE BATTLE OF EZRA CHURCH.—[See Page 606.]

A HYMN FOR THE NORTHERN PEOPLE.

September 11, 1864.

Great God of Battles, lift we unto Thee
A people's voice in gratitude and praise,
Thou, who, unsearchable in all Thy ways,
Ordainest victory.

To Thee we bow, lend unto us Thine ear,
Clothe us, O Lord! with thy protecting power,
And unto us in this our thankful hour,
Great God in Heaven, draw near!

Bend down upon us Thine all-seeing eyes,
Thou who in ages past Thy throne didst set
With myriad stars, and see our altars wet
With blood of sacrifice!

Reach unto us, O God! Thy bounteous hand,
Full of all blessings with the closing year,
And scatter them like good seed far and near,
Throughout our bleeding land!

Forgive our foes, restore to them their sight,
Who in blind wrath unsheathed the cruel sword,
And in Thy boundless mercy, O good Lord!
Reveal to them the light!

Forgive our sins—so were we taught to pray—
Cleanse us from guilt; allay our many fears;
Wipe from the people's eyes the scalding tears,
O turn our night to day!

Announce Thy coming, Lord! show us that sign
Seen in the prophet's vision long ago;
How long, O Lord! from out the press must flow
The nation's blood-red wine?

Give unto them, the rulers of our land,
A love of Truth, of Justice, and of Right:
May they be upright in Thine own pure sight:
Give each a firm right hand!

Let War, and Pestilence, and Famine cease
From off the earth; Great God! we fain would hear,
Ere yet the Christmas chimes sound sweet and clear,
The voice of Christ say "Peace!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 17, 1864.

THE SIMPLE ISSUE.

The Presidential election turns upon a question as simple as it is momentous. Shall the American people relinquish the effort to maintain the authority of their Government, or shall they concede that it is destroyed? That is the question, and it has but two sides. Whoever believes that the Union and Government should be unconditionally maintained will vote for Lincoln and Johnson, all others will vote for M‘Clellan and Pendleton.

The Chicago Convention resolved "that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, * * * * justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities with a view to an ultimate Convention of all the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that at the earliest practicable moment peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States." In other words, the slave-system having risen in insurrection against the American people, they are to confess themselves conquered, and to believe that justice, humanity, and liberty require that slavery should have increased security. That is the platform of George B. M‘Clellan.

The Baltimore Convention resolved "that it is the highest duty of every American citizen to maintain against all their enemies the integrity of the Union and the paramount authority of the Constitution and laws of the United States; and that, laying aside all differences and political opinions, we pledge ourselves as Union men, animated by a common sentiment and aiming at a common object, to do every thing in our power to aid the Government in quelling by force of arms the rebellion now raging against its authority, and in bringing to the punishment due to their crimes the rebels and traitors arrayed against it." In other words, the American people have *not* failed, and do not intend to fail, in the conflict with the insurrection of Slavery. Justice, humanity, and liberty require not that it shall be strengthened, but that it shall be destroyed by every constitutional means. That is the platform of Abraham Lincoln. Which has the true ring? Which speaks the resolution of a great and brave people, and which the base submission of a cowed and craven nation? Which is the spirit of Bunker Hill and Saratoga, of Perry and Decatur, of Gettysburg and Vicksburg, of the Weldon Railroad, Mobile, and Atlanta, of Grant, Farragut, and Sherman; and which that of Benedict Arnold, whose treacherous heart told the same people in 1780, after four years of war, that their Government was a tyranny that deluged the land with blood, and that *he*, Benedict Arnold, wished to lead Americans to peace?

GENERAL SHERMAN.

The victory at Atlanta crowns one of the most daring and extraordinary military campaigns in history. "Since the 15th of May," quietly says General Sherman on the 3d of September, "we have been in one constant battle or skirmish, and need rest." A glance at the map shows what these words mean. It shows the point from which he moved and that which he has gained; the first was long considered impregnable, and became ours a year ago; the second was held by the rebels as scarcely less precious than Richmond, and is now lost to them. But these great results have been obtained only by great sagacity, the most incessant labor, and invincible bravery. The steady advance by direct assault and masterly flanking of unassailable points; the protection of an enormous line of communications; the safe crossing of rapid rivers; the pushing an enemy to his fortified base; the repulse of all his fierce assaults, and the final severing of his army, with his defeat and flight with an army that can not but be terribly demoralized—all these show that we have at last learned to make war, and that at the West, as in the East, we have "a great captain."

It was mainly to General Sherman, said General Grant in his report of the battle at Shiloh, that I owe the victory. At Vicksburg he was the right hand of the Lieutenant-General; and at Atlanta he fulfills the highest expectation of his senior and the gladdest hopes of his country. The fall of Atlanta is a confirmation, in thunder tones, of his noble words written in January, 1861, to the Governor of Louisiana, when he was Superintendent of the State Military Academy, and began to be convinced that rebellion and war were at hand. That letter, recently republished, has the clear ring of his late dispatches. General Sherman knew what was coming. He knew that secession would be war, and that the war would be vast and terrible. With the prescience of genius he said when in command in Kentucky, "We need here two hundred thousand men;" and the Secretary of War at that time thought him crazy, and relieved him of his command out of regard to his disordered wits.

But surely we may rejoice that we have emerged from the dark days of doubt and inefficiency. Surely we may offer thanksgiving that the great armies of the American Union are now commanded by leaders who are not only the most skillful, daring, rapid, tenacious of soldiers—whom neither mud nor Quaker guns appall—but also men who are devoted in every fibre of their frames and drop of their blood to the faith that the experiment of war to restore the Union is *not* a failure; and that no other effort for an immediate cessation of hostilities should be made by the loyal American people except renewed and overwhelming vigor in the war to confirm the absolute supremacy of the Government.

THE EFFECT OF THE NEWS FROM SHERMAN.

There is not a man who did not feel that M‘Clellan's chances were diminished by the glad tidings from Atlanta; nor any one who does not know that if Sherman had been defeated, the friends of the Chicago candidate would have felt surer of his success. When people solemnly resolve, as the party which has nominated General M‘Clellan did at Chicago, that "the experiment of war" to maintain the Government and restore the Union is a "failure," how can they be glad to hear of a great and vital victory which belies their theory? No unconditional Union man could have asked a more significant commentary upon the true character of the Chicago movement. For suppose the great M‘Clellan ratification meeting had taken place upon the Saturday the news of Sherman's glorious victory was received, how like a soaking storm it would have fallen upon an assembly whose cardinal principle is a "demand that immediate efforts be made by a cessation of hostilities!" Sherman has done more, in his capture of Atlanta, for a cessation of hostilities than Vallandigham and his Convention could do in twelvemonths of abuse of the Administration and of the war.

If the American people were craven; if they were so utterly humiliated and prostrated that they could hear of the success of our soldiers only with abject regret; if they were really willing to surrender the victory of their Government and laws in the hour of its approaching triumph; if they truly thought that the men who managed the Convention at Chicago were more sincerely patriotic than Grant and Sherman, than Farragut, Granger, and Sheridan, then we too could almost be sorry for the glorious news; for it would be clear that such a people were not worth saving, and that the life of every devoted soldier who had fallen was wasted in the cause of those who were too contemptible to respect themselves.

"HARMONIOUS."

It is very possible that the friends of General M‘Clellan may persuade him to put something into his letter or speech accepting the nomination which will help conceal the bald surrender of the Government contained in the Chicago Platform. But the effort will be vain. The character and intention of that Convention can not be hidden. It was, as Mr. Vallandigham and Fernando Wood predicted it would be, "harmonious." It was harmonious in its desire of peace at any price. It was harmonious in saying that it was faithful to the Union, and in declaring that the war to maintain it had failed. It was harmonious in refraining from the slightest censure of the rebellion, and in declaring that it is the loyal citizens, and not the rebels, who have defied and disregarded the Constitution. It was harmonious in the tone of all the resolutions, which imply that the responsibility for the war rests with those who approve the maintenance of the Government. It was harmonious in its spirit of abject submission to insolent treason.

There is no escape for the candidate. If he kicks over the platform he kicks over his party, and upon his party he depends; for does any body suppose that this country is so stark mad as, under any circumstances, to make General M‘Clellan President upon the strength of his own performances, or of confidence in the persons who most influence him? If unshrinking vigor in the war is desired by the people, would they naturally turn to the General of the Chickahominy campaign? If a true appreciation of the political condition of the country is necessary, is it found in the letter to Judge Woodward? If sincere patriotism in support of a nomination is demanded, will it probably be discovered in the "peace" and Copperhead newspapers?

The candidate may write what he will, but he can not escape the necessity of his position. He can not shake off his platform, his advocates, his party, or his own antecedents. When he was relieved of his command in the field he accepted the post of chief of a party. That party prescribes his principles; that party nominates him; that nomination he accepts; and with the party policy he stands or falls.

"CONSERVATIVE" ARGUMENTS.

The "Conservative" campaign has opened in a perfectly characteristic manner. At the meeting of exultation in the Park, on the evening that the news was received, one of the orators of the gentry who are so anxious that the laws shall be respected and personal rights secured, urged his "Conservative" friends

> "....to form 'White-boy' clubs in every ward, and protect the freedom of the ballot-box. If there should be opposition to the freedom of election, he hoped they would put all who opposed them where they belonged, and hang them. He had heard, he said, that General Butler was to be sent here to overawe New York; but he thought if he was sent here with such a purpose he would never be allowed to get far up Broadway."

Another of those "Conservative" gentlemen who are profoundly concerned at the suppression of free speech, and who are opposed to fanatical appeals to passion, remarked that

> "It has been facetiously stated that in hot weather niggers smelled badly; and it was about time to learn that in this country white men had their rights, and that the Constitution was made for white men, and not for the nigger. You have come together now to take action to restore those liberties which that secession scoundrel and traitor, Abe Lincoln, has taken from you the rights of the poor man, and we have selected George B. M‘Clellan, the man who held the white man above Abe Lincoln and his niggers.
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> * * * * * * * *
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> "Once a poor man could walk the streets free and speak his mind, but under the rule of that ignoramus, Abe Lincoln, he can not. Bear in mind, gentlemen, that you are the Government, and not that scoundrel at Washington.
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> * * * * * * * *
>
> "Will you desert the hero of South Mountain, whom Abe Lincoln has sought to degrade, that he might make you and I lower than his niggers? [Cries no, no.] No. God tells me you won't; your honest faces tell me you won't. When you meet your Abolition friends in the street they belch out their secession talk at you, as old Abe and his crew have done (for I hold old Abe to-day to be a bigger secessionist than Jeff Davis)."

Of course where such things are openly said in public meetings it is evident that free speech has been totally abolished; as when an Iowa paper calls the President "a bloody monster," it is clear that a free press has ceased to exist.

These "Conservative" speeches in favor of the election of General M‘Clellan have been promptly supported by the "Conservative" papers, one of which says:

> "We will strip from Abraham Lincoln the false garb of honesty he has worn so long! We will, if need be, show up, among other things, the infamy—yes, that's the word, infamy—of the White House! If necessity requires, we will call Senators and tradespeople, in this city and elsewhere, to attest the truth of what we say. We have no heart to expose such public and personal infidelity as, since Mr. Lincoln's advent, has festered there, because of the disgrace it would bring upon so many innocent persons."

Here is that freedom from personality and decorous discussion of principles which are always sure to be found in the mouths and on the pens of the "Conservative" party, and this is the most obvious and natural course of those who wish to go on their knees to rebels and ask upon what terms they will allow this Government to be carried on. "Conservatism" naturally calls Jefferson Davis "President Davis," and the President of the United States a scoundrel, traitor, and ignoramus, because it hates the cause represented by one and loves that of the other. Are not these "Conservative" arguments and appeals such as every true-hearted American citizen sees to be most welcome to every enemy of the Union and the country? Is a "Conservatism" whose only resource is an appeal to the basest passions of the most ignorant and brutal men, very likely to save the dignity and honor of this nation?

DOUBTS REMOVED.

If any one had been in doubt of the real significance of the policy which General M‘Clellan represents in this canvass, he was relieved by reading the New York *Daily News* on the day after the nomination. That paper is the Northern organ of the rebellion, whose policy at the North is "peace." A "peace man" is well understood to be a friend of the "Confederacy," and the "peace" organ says: "We accept the platform adopted by the Convention as a great triumph for the peace party......The nominees of the Chicago Convention stand committed to a course that is undisguisedly and unequivocally traced in accordance with the popular sentiment of opposition to the war." The *News* will support General M‘Clellan because he stands upon a "peace" platform, and by the side of George H. Pendleton, who "is the man of all men" whom the *News* would have nominated, because he is "a consistent champion" of the "peace" sentiment.

Does any man, however friendly he may have been in his judgment of General M‘Clellan, believe that the New York *Daily News* has at heart the true honor and dignity or the permanent, because just, peace of the country? Can such a man forget that Mr. Vallandigham moved to make M‘Clellan's nomination unanimous? General M‘Clellan was nominated by a peace convention, and though he were the most resolute war man in the country, if he were elected he could not escape the policy of the party which elects him. No voter who wishes the war vigorously prosecuted until the rebels ask to be heard will vote for General M‘Clellan, because he knows that he is the candidate of those who wish to stop and ask the rebels what they want. Every opponent of the war in the land will vote for M‘Clellan, and his election would be a sign of the popular will that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities.

That is the policy which he can not escape, should he be elected; and no one who does not favor that policy can honestly vote for him.

ON A LATE LOUD NOISE.

The loud buzz and hum and clatter of the Chicago Convention, and of the M‘Clellan ratification meetings, might induce a heedless observer to believe that they truly represented the opinion of the American People, and that we all supposed we had been deprived of our liberties without knowing it, and had yielded to a tyrannical despotism under the delusion that we were maintaining our own lawful Government. Such a chatter about despotism and despots might make an observer imagine that the misfortune of the country is not that a desperate conspiracy is striving to overthrow the Government, but that the Government has the unblushing effrontery not to yield to its assassins. The noise of the politicians at Chicago, contrasted with the settled patriotism of the American people, recalls the famous figure of Burke: "Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, while thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, it is not to be imagined that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that, of course, they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little, shriveled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour."

AN EVIDENT TRUTH.

The Copperheads, who insist that this war is a war waged by the President for the sake of emancipation, now assert that he is pledged to continue it for that purpose even after the submission of the rebels. But when the rebels have submitted against whom can war be carried on? It is useless to speculate, to affirm or deny that the President will or will not continue the war after the rebel submission—simply because he can not.

The war is prosecuted for the maintenance of the Union and Government. When the rebels yield, they submit to the Constitution and all laws and executive acts in accordance with it. Whether the emancipation proclamation so accords is a question which the President has himself left to the Supreme Court.

It is impossible honestly to mistake the President's position upon the Slavery question. His letters to Mr. Greeley and to Mr. Hodges, and his various messages and speeches express it as plainly as words can. "I am naturally anti-slavery," he writes to Mr. Hodges. "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I can not remember when I did not so think and feel. And yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. ......And I aver that to this day I have done no official act in mere deference to my abstract judgment and feeling on slavery."

So in the manifest—"To whom it may concern"—the President states what he understands to be the condition upon which a permanent peace is possible. In that paper he takes the initiative, and says that whoever is authorized by a power which can control the rebel armies to make a proposition embracing the integrity of the Union and the abandonment of slavery will be heard. There is no bar in this, no limit. He does not say that no other proposition upon the same authority will be heard. But to end all mousing diplomacy and intrigue he frankly states the terms upon which, in his estimation, the American people can have peace.

But peace is always at the discretion of the rebels. When they lay down their arms and return to obedience to the laws the rebellion ends. Of course the Government must decide when it is satisfied that the rebels *have* laid down their arms, and it will take good care not to be betrayed by any false pretenses. But it can not fight without an enemy. And when the rebels leave the constitutionality of the executive acts where the President leaves it, to the Supreme Court, there will be peace, which will be long or short as the Court sustains or annuls the Proclamation.

But the purpose of the rebel leaders is much more earnest than Copperhead doctors believe; and they will yield when they are conquered, not before.

A SLANDER EXPOSED.

NEWSPAPERS have a bad habit of reporting what they wish to have believed as upon unquestionable authority, and it is often impossible to correct the most injurious and false statements made in this way. But General "BALDY" SMITH has lately effectually exposed this trick, and in a manner which is of the greatest service. One of the stalest and most hackneyed charges against the President is the assertion that he constantly interferes with military movements, and is the moving cause of all mishaps and disasters in the field. Before General GRANT'S campaign began we were gravely informed that if he succeeded it would be on account of his own skill, but if he failed it would be because the President had meddled with his plans. When General BUTLER'S movements were apparently less vigorous than the public, knowing nothing of the intentions of the campaign, thought they ought to be, we were told that such were the consequences of the President's insisting upon retaining civilians in military commands.

In order to damage the Union cause a story of this kind was lately told, in which the name of General SMITH was used. The General immediately wrote a letter, in which he says:

"In your issue of the 24th is a statement from Washington which demands notice from me, especially as it is prefaced by the remark that it is given upon 'authority which may be regarded beyond contradiction.' The writer states that upon my return to the front I called upon General GRANT, reporting for duty, and then proceeds to say:

"Upon this General GRANT produced an order or letter of instructions from the President for the reinstatement of General BUTLER in full field command, from which he had been relieved by order of the Secretary of War, Mr. LINCOLN adding to General GRANT substantially as follows: 'Having reinstated General BUTLER in his former command as it was before the Secretary of War's late order, you will oblige me, personally, by exerting yourself to avoid all cause of difference or irritation with Major-General BUTLER, at least until after next election.'

"I had two interviews with General GRANT after my return, at which no one was present but ourselves. At these interviews no order or letter of instructions of any description from the President was produced by General GRANT, nor did he state or intimate that he had received such an order."

The General proceeds to correct some other misrepresentations of his conduct and that of General GRANT at the same interview.

This unqualified refutation of an incessant slander disposes of all the brood.

A VISIT TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE *Grant County Herald*, a Wisconsin paper, contains the following letter from Judge JOHN J. MILLS, giving an account of a recent interview with President LINCOLN, at the Soldiers' Retreat near Washington:

"We" [Ex-Governor RANDALL and Judge MILLS] "entered a neat, plainly-furnished room. A marble table was in the centre. Directly appeared from an adjoining apartment a tall, gaunt-looking figure, shoulders inclined forward, his gait astride, rapid, and shuffling, ample understandings with large slippers, and Brierian arms, with a face radiant with intelligence and humor.

"The Governor addressed him: 'Mr. President, this is my friend and your friend MILLS, from Wisconsin.'

"'I am glad to see my friends from Wisconsin; they are the hearty friends of the Union.'

"'I could not leave the city, Mr. President, without hearing words of cheer from your own lips. Upon you, as the representative of the loyal people, depend, as we believe, the existence of our Government and the future of America.' This introduced political topics.

"'Mr. President,' said Governor RANDALL, 'why can't you seek seclusion, and play hermit for a fortnight? it would reinvigorate you.'

"'Ah,' said the President, 'two or three weeks would do me no good. I can not fly from my thoughts—my solicitude for this great country follows me wherever I go. I don't think it is personal vanity or ambition, though I am not free from these infirmities, but I can not but feel that the weal or woe of this great nation will be decided in November. There is no programme offered by any wing of the Democratic party but that must result in the permanent destruction of the Union.'

"'But, Mr. President, General M'CLELLAN is in favor of crushing the rebellion by force. He will be the Chicago candidate.'

"'Sir,' said the President, 'the slightest knowledge of arithmetic will prove to any man that the rebel armies can not be destroyed with Democratic strategy. It would sacrifice all the white men of the North to do it. There are now in the service of the United States near two hundred thousand able-bodied colored men, most of them under arms defending and acquiring Union territory. The Democratic strategy demands that these forces be disbanded, and that the masters be conciliated by restoring them to slavery. The black men who now assist Union prisoners to escape, are to be converted into our enemies in the vain hope of gaining the good-will of their masters. We shall have to fight two nations instead of one.

"'You can not conciliate the South if you guarantee to them ultimate success; and the experience of the present war proves their success is inevitable if you fling the compulsory labor of millions of black men into their side of the scale. Will you give our enemies such military advantages as insure success, and then depend on coaxing, flattery, and concession to get them back into the Union? Abandon all the posts now garrisoned by black men; take 200,000 men from our side and put them in the battle-field or corn-field against us, and we would be compelled to abandon the war in three weeks.

"'We have to hold territory in inclement and sickly places; where are the Democrats to do this? It was a free fight, and the field was open to the war Democrats to put down this rebellion by fighting against both master and slave long before the present policy was inaugurated.

"'There have been men base enough to propose to me to return to slavery the black warriors of Port Hudson and Olustee, and thus win the respect of the masters they fought. Should I do so I should deserve to be damned in time and eternity. Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend and foe. My enemies pretend I am now carrying on this war for the sole purpose of abolition. So long as I am President it shall be carried on for the sole purpose of restoring the Union. But no human power can subdue this rebellion without the use of the emancipation policy, and every other policy calculated to weaken the moral and physical forces of the rebellion.

"'Freedom has given us two hundred thousand men raised on Southern soil. It will give us more yet. Just so much it has abstracted from the enemy, and instead of alienating the South, there are now evidences of a fraternal feeling growing up between our men and the rank and file of the rebel soldiers. Let my enemies prove to the country that the destruction of slavery is not necessary to the restoration of the Union. I will abide the issue.'

"I saw that the President was not a mere joker, but a man of deep convictions, of abiding faith in justice, truth, and Providence. His voice was pleasant, his manner earnest and emphatic. As he warmed with his theme his mind grew to the magnitude of his body. I felt I was in the presence of the great guiding intellect of the age, and that those 'huge Atlantean shoulders were fit to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies.' His transparent honesty, republican simplicity, his gushing sympathy for those who offered their lives for their country, his utter forgetfulness of self in his concern for its welfare, could not but inspire me with confidence that he was Heaven's instrument to conduct his people through this sea of blood to a Canaan of peace and freedom. J. T. MILLS."

"PEACE MEN."

"WHY do you fret, O cowardly North!
When we are your masters still?
We'll count the roll of our slaves ere long
On the summit of Bunker Hill."
For three long years have we met the foe—
We drive them before us still;
Yet they do claim slaves up in the North,
Though not upon Bunker Hill.

We've talked of the black men trodden down
'Neath the iron heel of might;
But oh! (shame on the dastard race!)
These Northern slaves are white.
Their Southern brothers of darker hue
The lash and the chain controls,
But these step under their master's heels,
And freely offer their souls.

You may seek on the battle-field in vain
For these white slaves of the South—
They dare not follow our brave boys there
So near to the cannon's mouth!
They dare not share in such noble toil,
Bidding treason's utterance cease,
So they cover themselves with the Quaker garb,
And lustily cry for peace.

When the roll of honor that Fame prepares
Is held to the proud world's gaze,
And men shall read the glorious deeds
Of the heroes of these great days,
We shall see the record of Freedom's sons,
As the pages we unfold,
Traced with the lasting pen of truth
In letters of purest gold.

And Fame has another book in press
For the world to read some day,
Of those who their country's cause forsook,
And ran from their flag away—
Of those who would aid a traitorous crew
To deluge the land with gore—
They sought for peace with their country's foes,
And peace shall be theirs no more!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SHERIDAN'S MOVEMENTS.

THE interest in the Virginia Campaign this week centres upon General Sheridan. His army has an important mission to accomplish, which includes something more than a conflict with Early's army. The rebels are aware of this, and it is for this reason that a strong Confederate force is still kept in the valley. It was thought a few days ago that Early was retreating upon Richmond. But Sheridan's advance develops the enemy in full force north of Winchester. On Saturday, September 3, Crook's command, together with the Nineteenth and Sixth Corps advanced to Berryville. That afternoon a severe battle occurred between the Twenty-third and Thirty-sixth Ohio, in the advance, and a large body of rebels. The latter were repulsed.

THE CAPTURE OF ATLANTA.

A dispatch was received, September 4, by the War Department from General Sherman, dated September 3, twenty-six miles south of Atlanta. Sherman had removed his army from Atlanta during the last week of August, and transferred it to a position on the West Point Road, from which an advance was made upon the Macon Road in three columns—one under Howard, who was to strike the road near Jonesborough on the right; another under Schofield, whose goal was Rough and Ready on the left; while the third column, under Thomas, pushed up to the road at Conche's in the centre. A part of Hood's army occupying Jonesborough was thus cut off from the main force at Atlanta. This detachment attacked Howard, who had intrenched himself on the road north of Jonesborough, but were easily repulsed. The whole army advanced upon the road, and destroyed it between Jonesborough and Rough and Ready; and on the 1st of September Jefferson C. Davis, commanding the Fourteenth Corps, attacked and carried the rebel works at Jonesborough, capturing 10 guns and 1000 prisoners. The defeated rebels moved south to Lovejoy's Station, and were pursued. In the mean time Hood blew up his magazines at Atlanta, and evacuated that important position by night. Atlanta was immediately occupied by General Slocum, commanding the Twentieth Corps. General Sherman gives his loss as not more than 1200, and says, "We have possession of over 300 rebel dead, 250 wounded, and over 1500 well."

A later dispatch from General Slocum states that the enemy destroyed seven locomotives and eighty-one cars loaded with ammunition, small-arms and stores, and left fourteen pieces of artillery, most of them uninjured, and a large number of small-arms. A large number of deserters were coming into our lines.

The defeat of M'Cook and the capture of Stoneman considerably weakened Sherman's cavalry force, and taking advantage of this weakness, Wheeler, Forrest, and Morgan appear to have formed a junction for the purpose of destroying the railroad between Chattanooga and Nashville. Rousseau, however, is confident in his ability to take care of these raiders, who will only be able to effect a temporary damage.

DEFEAT AND DEATH OF JOHN MORGAN.

General Gillem, commanding a body of Union troops in East Tennessee, gained a complete victory over John Morgan and his guerrillas on the 4th inst. Morgan's camp at Greenville was surprised, Morgan was killed, his staff and one piece of artillery captured, and his force dispersed, with a loss in killed alone of 15 men.

CAPTURE OF FORT MORGAN.

Fort Morgan surrendered August 23 with a garrison of six hundred men, including General Paige and two Colonels. Sixty guns were taken, but these had been spiked by the rebels. Admiral Farragut and General Granger arranged their vessels and batteries so as to invest the fort on three sides, enveloping it with a raking fire so terrible that it was impossible for the enemy to work his guns. The bombardment commenced on the morning of the 22d and continued all day. In the evening a shell exploded in the citadel and set it on fire. The next day at 2 P.M. the fort surrendered.

THE CHICAGO NOMINATIONS.

On Wednesday, August 31, the Chicago Convention nominated General George B. M'Clellan as the Democratic candidate for President, and the Hon. George H. Pendleton for Vice-President. The former received 202½ votes. Guthrie stood ahead of Pendleton on the first ballot, receiving 65½ votes, while Pendleton received 54½. On the next ballot all the other candidates were withdrawn, and Pendleton's nomination, on the motion of Mr. Vallandigham, was made unanimous. The Convention resolved itself into a permanent body. Governor Seymour was appointed chairman of the Committee to tender the nomination to General M'Clellan.

THE DRAFT IN NEW YORK CITY.

The War Department has credited New York city with 18,448 men enlisted in the navy from April 15, 1861, to February 24, 1864. There was a surplus over the last draft of 1137. This surplus, together with the naval enlistments and 1616 recruits enlisted under the last call, amounts to 22,010. The quota of the city is 23,124, leaving a balance in favor of the Government of 1114 men. There will therefore be no draft in this city.

CAPTURE OF THE "GEORGIA."

By a telegram dated London, August 25, we learn that the United States frigate *Niagara* had captured the rebel privateer *Georgia* twenty miles off Lisbon. At the time of her capture she was sailing under the British flag.

THE VERMONT ELECTION.

Vermont, in her election on the 6th inst., carried the Union ticket by a largely-increased majority as compared with that of 1863.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE Spanish Government has issued more stringent regulations in regard to vessels entering within the jurisdictional waters off Forts Tarifa and Isla Verde. These vessels are now required to hoist their flags. Her Catholic Majesty's Minister of Foreign Affairs, says the Queen, in bringing the preceding dispositions to the knowledge of our Government, flatters herself that the Cabinet at Washington will find in the measures adopted a fresh proof of the sentiments of deference which her Government entertains for the American nation.

The chief topic of interest in England is the Belfast riots. The ceremony of laying a corner-stone for a monument of O'Connell, in Dublin, has excited the indignation of the Belfast Orangemen, who have broken out in the most outrageous manner against the Catholics. The riot commenced in burning O'Connell in effigy, and proceeded immediately to more violent disturbances, and became so powerful at length that it required a military force to put it down.

The *Kreuz Zeitung* of Berlin discusses in a very elated humor the friendship which has suddenly sprung up between Prussia and Austria. It exclaims: "No more Ollmutz, no more Villafranca, so long as the Prussian and Austrian flags shall float side by side. The alliance of the Western Powers, which has so long threatened the peace and public right of Europe, has become so silent and mute that one might say that the representatives of civilization are completely routed. It is not at London or at Paris, but at Vienna and at Berlin, that the destinies of Europe are now decided."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

AN instance of the danger of too hasty interments lately occurred at Vienna. A few days since, in the establishment of the Brothers of Charity in that capital, the bell of the dead-room was heard to ring violently, and on one of the attendants proceeding to the place to ascertain the cause he was surprised at seeing one of the supposed dead men pulling the bell-rope. He was removed immediately to ano[illegible]room, and hopes are entertained of his recovery.

DR. [illegible]ER's friends had long been desirous to engage him to sit to Sir Joshua Reynolds for his picture, but he had always hitherto declined to do so, not choosing that it should be done at the expense of others, and thinking the price too high for himself to pay. He was, however, at length induced to comply, chiefly to oblige Shape, the eminent engraver, who had received much notice from Hunter, and was very anxious to be permitted to make an engraving from Sir Joshua's picture. Reynolds found Hunter a bad sitter, and had not been able to satisfy himself with the likeness, when one day, after the picture was far advanced, Hunter fell into a train of thought in the attitude in which he is represented in the present portrait. Reynolds, without saying a word, turned the canvas upside down, made a fresh sketch with the head between the legs of the former figure, and so proceeded to lay on over the former painting the colors of that which now graces the walls of the Council Chamber of the Royal College of Surgeons.

THE practice of eating at certain conventional periods of the day is never attended by any bad consequences, and is actually necessary in the present state of society. Habit exercises the greatest influence in the matter, and the man who has been in the practice of taking food at a certain hour of the day, will always, while in good health, feel hungry at that hour. Indeed, it sometimes happens that the stomach will only work at these hours to which it has been long accustomed, and infirmity has frequently been traced to a change in the hour of taking a meal, more especially dinner, which, with most people, is the chief meal of the day.

THE phalansterian school, Fourier's disciples, are the most precise and positive in their opinions. They hold that violet is analogous to friendship, blue to love, as suggested by blue eyes and the azure sky. A bunch of violets would, therefore, tell a lady's suitor that friendship is all he has a right to expect. Yellow is paternity or maternity; it is the yellow ray of the spectrum which causes the germ to shoot. Red figures ambition; indigo, the spirit of rivalry; green, the love of change, fickleness, but also work; orange, enthusiasm; white, unity; black, favoritism, the influence exerted by an individual. Besides the seven primitive colors, gray indicates poverty; brown, prudery; pink, modesty; silver-gray (semi-white), feeble love; lilac (semi-violet), feeble friendship; pale-pink, false shame, etc.

THE custom of placing the wedding-ring on the fourth finger is explained by some in this way. It was in ancient times the duty of the man to place the ring on the top of the thumb, and on the top of the second and third fingers of the woman successively, and lastly to leave it on her fourth finger, thus—he takes the ring and repeats after the priest, "With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, with all my worldly goods I thee endow; in the name of the Father (thumb), and of the Son (second or index finger), and of the Holy Ghost (third finger), Amen (fourth finger)." There is also a legend that the fourth finger was selected because a vein runs thence directly to the heart. But all veins run to the heart. The vein reason would apply to any finger, or to the toes. The simplest explanation is that the Greek custom of wearing rings of all kinds on the ring or fourth finger has remained to the present day in the case of that most important of rings—the wedding-ring.

WHEN Archbishop Whately was engaged one day in his gardening operations, a companion referred, among other matters, to the great revolution in the medical treatment of lunatics introduced by Pinel, who, instead of the strait-waistcoat and other maddening goads, awarded to each patient healthful and agreeable occupation, including agriculture and gardening. "I think gardening would be a dangerous indulgence for lunatics," observed Dr. Whately. "How so?" said his friend, surprised. "Because they might grow madder," was the rejoinder.

WE once heard a story anent the qualifications which induced a certain Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to promote a curate to be Dean of St. Patrick's. His Excellency was visiting a country district in the Emerald Isle, partaking of the hospitality of the landed gentry in his rounds. One gentleman, who had been promised the honor of a visit from the Viceroy, was sorely perplexed as to the means of properly receiving the great guest. His house was ample, his *ménage* perfect, his guests unexceptionable, with only one drawback—none of them could stand as many bottles of wine as his Excellency. What was to be done? It was necessary to find some one who could drink bottle for bottle with the representative of the Sovereign. A happy idea occurred to the host. There was a poor curate in a neighboring parish who could compete with his Excellency in bibbing. He was implored to come, and come he did. When all the other diners, including the host, had sunk under the table, as was our forefathers' custom in the afternoon, his sober Excellency became conscious of the fact that there was only one guest—a curate, too—who kept him in countenance. Fellow-feeling rose in his breast for his companion. He inquired into the curate's condition, heard of his poverty, and took a note of his ability. Some time after the Deanery of St. Patrick's fell vacant, and the Lord Lieutenant promoted the poor curate to the distinguished position.

SOON after the introduction of the convict system to Ireland a gentleman, known and respected as an ardent advocate of reformatories, boasted to a friend who occupied a responsible office in the Irish government, that he held the system in such high estimation that he employed no servants in his house but those who had passed some time in a reformatory. The party so addressed was much struck by the information and its significance, and, with suitable impressiveness, he communicated both to Archbishop Whately. His Grace listened attentively to the recital, and at length quietly observed, "Your friend will waken some fine morning, and find himself the only *spoon* left in the house."

AT Paris, lately, an autograph of Tasso was sold, written by the poet of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, in the twenty-sixth year of his age. It is worded as follows: "I, the undersigned, hereby acknowledge to have received from Abraham Levi 25 lire, for which he holds in pledge a sword of my father's, 6 shirts, 4 sheets, and 2 table-covers. March 2, 1570. Torquato Tasso."

IT is claimed in Paris that eleven millions of dollars' worth of silks has been exported to this country the last year.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY when preaching has been known in the height of his argument to get his leg over the pulpit. He was an inveterate smoker, was usually accompanied by three favorite dogs, whom he had taught various tricks, and was a thorough believer in clairvoyance and Mesmerism.

THE men of Coventry, hearing that Queen Elizabeth liked poetry, welcomed her to their town:

"We men of Coventry
Are very glad to see
Your gracious Majesty;
Good Lord, how fair ye be!"

The royal reply was equally unique:

"Her gracious Majesty
Is very glad to see
The men of Coventry;
Good lack, what fools ye be!"

THERE lately died in Buenos Ayres an old man of seventy-eight years, whose will contained a clause leaving ten thousand cigars for those who might attend his funeral. This eccentric testator also expressed his desire that his friends should not leave the house of mourning without drinking to his memory all the wine left in his cellar.

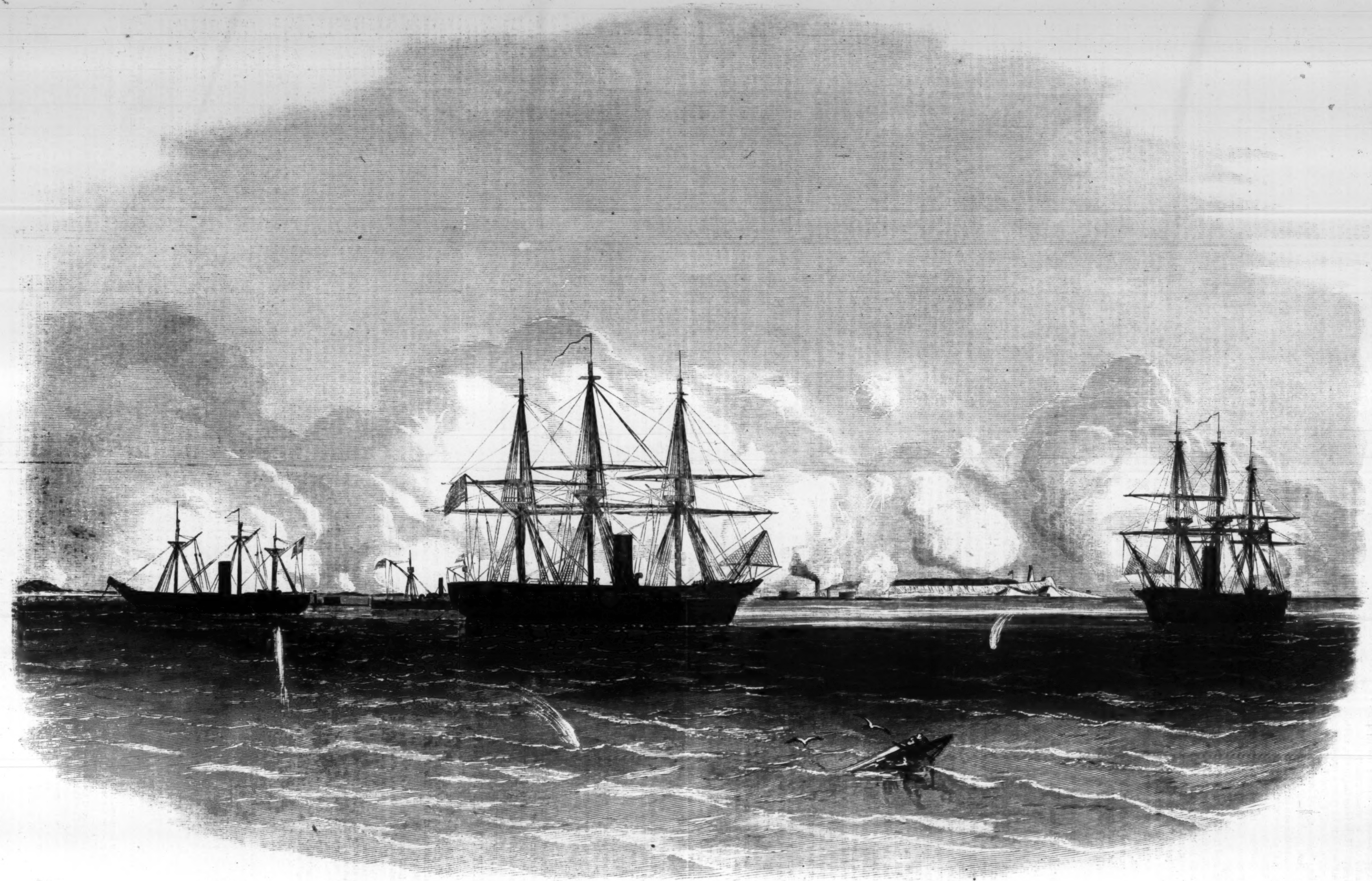
COFFEE was first introduced into Arabia from Abyssinia, where it originally grew, about the year 1450. It was certainly known in England before either chocolate or tea. It is said to have been first brought there about the year 1652, by a Turkey merchant named Edwards, whose Greek servant made the first dish of coffee ever drunk in England. This caused several coffee-houses to be opened shortly afterward, both in the metropolis and various other towns throughout the country. These were visited periodically by the excise officers, and a duty of four pence per gallon was imposed until 1689.

THE following statistics are given of the senior class just graduated at Bowdoin: "Whole number, 43; oldest man, 29; youngest, 19; average age at graduation, 23; prospective lawyers, 14; ministers, 4; physicians, 2; mineralogist, 1; soldiers, 3; loafer, 1; undecided, 5; republicans, 21; abolitionists, 2; copperheads, 6; orthodox, 12; Baptist, 5; Unitarian, 4; Episcopal, 2; home Baptist, 3; Shaker, 1; Mormons, 2; professors of religion, 7; divinely inspired, 1; drink whisky, 0; occasionally take it for medicinal purposes, 15; play cards, 16; anti-players, 7; smoke regularly, 15; incessantly, 1."

BABBAGE, in his recently published book, gives the following anecdote of the Duke of Wellington: "At a very small dinner-party the characters of the French marshals became the subject of conversation. The Duke, being appealed to, pointed out freely their various qualities and assigned to each his peculiar excellence. One question, the most highly interesting of all, naturally presented itself to our minds. I was speculating how I could, without impropriety, suggest it, when, to my great relief, one of the party, addressing the Duke, said: 'Well, Sir, how was it that, with such various great qualities, you licked them all, one after another?' The Duke was evidently taken by surprise. He paused for a moment or two, and then said: 'Well, I don't know exactly how it was; but I think that if any unexpected circumstance occurred in the midst of a battle which deranged its whole plan, I could perhaps organize another plan more quickly than most of them.'"

IF a woman has a heart, she should never suffer it to lie in her bosom as dead capital; it ought to circulate and pay interest.

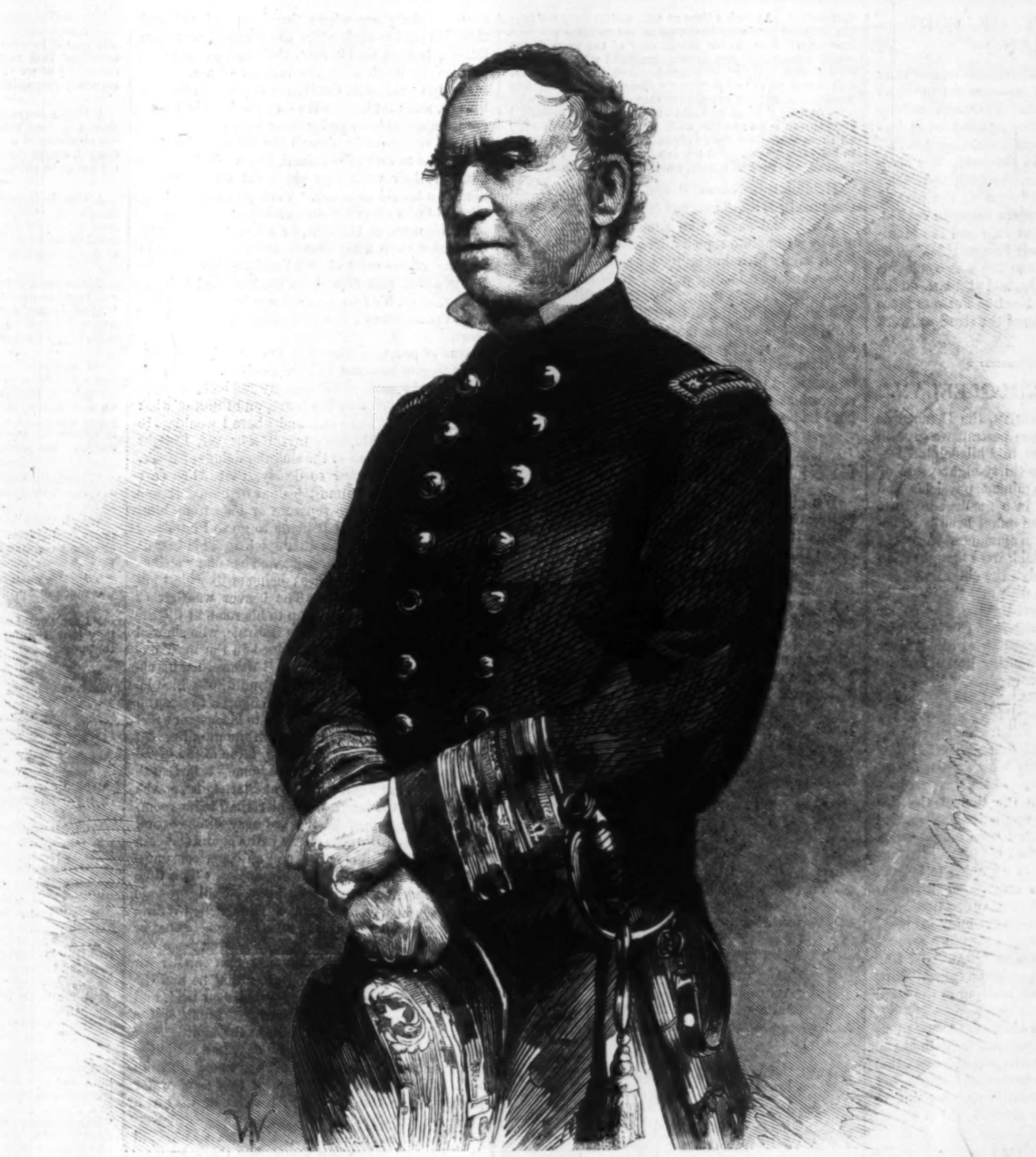
CUVIER considers it probable that whales sometimes live to the age of one thousand years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of thirty. An eagle died in Vienna at the age of one hundred and four. Ravens frequently reach the age of one hundred. Swans have been known to live three hundred and sixty years. Pelicans are long-lived. When Alexander the Great had conquered Phorus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him Ajax and dedicated him to the sun, and let him go, with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found, with this inscription, three hundred and fifty-six years after. Camels often live to the age of one hundred years.


Battery.
Lackawanna.
Manhattan.
Octorora.
Brooklyn.
Winnebago
Fort Morgan.
Richmond.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S FLEET BOMBARDING FORT MORGAN, AUGUST 22, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 598.]

REAR-ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

We publish on this page a portrait of Rear-Admiral David G. Farragut, the victor of New Orleans and Mobile. He was born in Knoxville, Tennessee, about 1803. A sailor from his ninth year, when he became a midshipman, under Commodore Porter, on the *Essex*, he was present at the battle of Valparaiso. At thirteen he was placed in command of a prize-vessel; and at the close of the war of 1812 he was sent to school, and thence into the navy. He then married a Southern lady, and settled in Norfolk, Virginia. When the Expedition against New Orleans was resolved upon Farragut was selected as its commander. He entered the Mississippi River, passing forts Philip and Jackson March 24, 1862, and the next day took possession of New Orleans. He took an important part in the reduction of Port Hudson, and his late achievements in Mobile Bay have made him the first naval hero of the age.

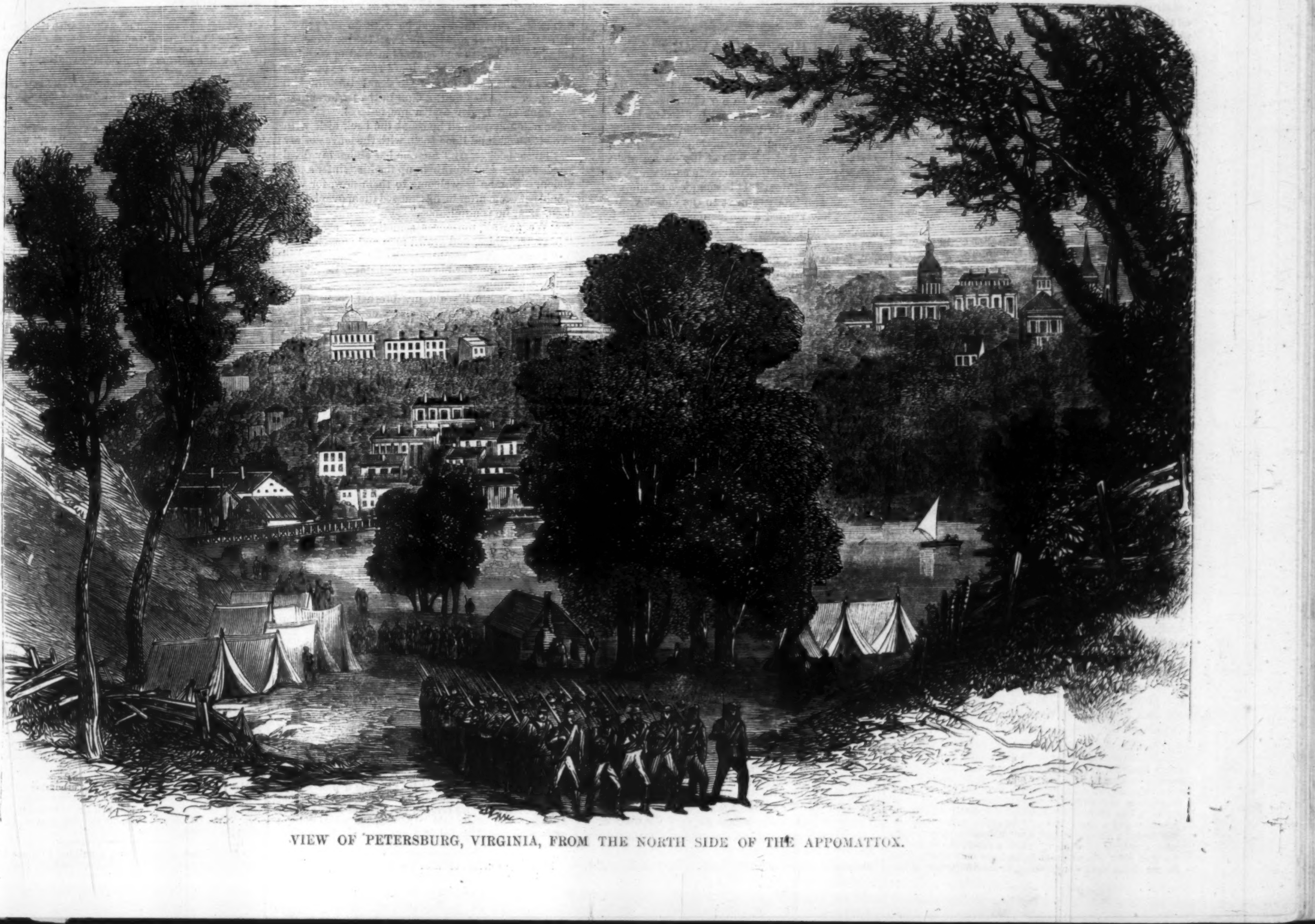


REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT, U.S.N.—[Photographed by Brady.]

PETERSBURG.

The view of Petersburg given below is taken from the Richmond side of the Appomattox. The railway bridge across the Appomattox is seen toward the left, and a large factory beyond. The river is navigable only below the bridge, as there are rapids above. Petersburg is contemporary with Richmond, both cities having been laid out in 1733, and having continued to be rivals in commerce, until Richmond acquired a special importance by being made the capital of the State. The population of Petersburg was about 12,000 before the war. It had six churches, several large cotton and tobacco factories, and was a place of considerable trade, exporting flour, cotton, and tobacco. As early as 1645 a fort, called Fort Henry, was erected at the falls of the Appomattox, on the point where Petersburg now stands, for the defense of the neighborhood against the Nottoways and other Indian tribes. Soon after this, Peter Jones, one of the first settlers of Virginia, established there a trade with the Indians. The place where he fixed himself was precisely where the two principal streets now meet, and was in consequence called Peter's Point, but the name was afterward changed to Petersburg. Two suburbs have since been incorporated with the city, one called Pocahontas and another Blandford, at which latter place are the ruins of an old church, and which, being on high ground toward the southern side of the town, must now be much exposed to the Federal fire.

Petersburg was occupied at one time by the British troops in the Revolutionary War. They approached by the same route now adopted by the Federal Generals—namely, by way of James River to City Point, where an army was landed, under General Phillips, in 1781, and marched into the city. While General Phillips lay ill of a bilious fever at Bolingbroke House, the Americans, under General Lafayette, cannonaded the town from Archer's Hill, so that poor General Phillips—of whom Jefferson said, "he is the proudest man of the proudest nation upon earth"—was conveyed to the cellar for safety, where he exclaimed, "Won't they let me *die* in peace?" However, not the cannon-ball but the fever terminated his existence, and he was buried in Blandford church-yard. One week later Lord Cornwallis entered the town from Wilmington, on the south, by the same line on which the Federals are now threatening the town; and his Lordship fixed his head-quarters at Bolingbroke House.



VIEW OF PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF THE APPOMATTOX.

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT MORGAN.

WE give on page 596 an illustration representing the commencement of the BOMBARDMENT OF FORT MORGAN by the army under GRANGER, and by FARRAGUT's fleet. The action commenced at daylight, August 22. The practice was excellent, almost every shell bursting in the fort. The *Richmond*, *Brooklyn*, *Lackawanna*, *Octorora*, and Monitors commenced the bombardment on the part of the navy, shortly after the shore batteries opened. All the vessels except the *Octorora* and the Monitors lay off and used only their Parrott rifles. The action continued all day on the 22d. A conflagration raged in the fort all night, and at 2 P.M. on the 23d the fort surrendered. Next to Fortress Monroe Fort Morgan was considered the strongest work on the Southern coast.

GEN. GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN.

GEORGE BRINTON M'CLELLAN, the Democratic candidate for President, whose portrait we give on pages 600 and 601, was born in Philadelphia December 3, 1826, and is now thirty-eight years of age. His father was an eminent physician and surgeon, and was professor in a medical institute of that city. Hardly had the infant been born before the distinguished surgeon announced the event to his pupils. Scales, it is said, were brought from the neighboring grocer to weigh the child. All the weights were placed in one dish and the infant in the other, but the child moved not. The doctor threw in his watch, keys, lancets, etc.; but GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN still outweighed them all. More weights were added, but the string broke, leaving the opposite balance still unmoved.

At the age of thirteen he entered the University of Pennsylvania. Three years later he entered the Military Academy at West Point. From this institution he graduated with high honors in the class of 1840; was assigned to duty with a company of engineers, and before the close of the year was ordered into actual service on the line of the Rio Grande. We were then at war with Mexico, and the battle of Monterey had just been fought when Lieutenant M'CLELLAN reached his post. In January, 1847, he was ordered to Tampico to help in the organization of SCOTT's army. In this campaign M'CLELLAN and BEAUREGARD, HEINTZELMAN and MAGRUDER, KEARNEY and PILLOW, STONEWALL JACKSON and RENO, ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON and JOSEPH HOOKER, GRANT and LEE fought side by side and for a common cause. Now these couples stand separated, meeting in the stern and bitter antagonism of civil war.

At the battle of Contreras M'CLELLAN was brevetted First Lieutenant of Engineers for gallant and meritorious conduct; for similar conduct at Molino del Rey he was offered the brevet of Captain, but declined it on the ground that it was not due to him; but he earned the distinction in the storming of Chapultepec.

In June, 1848, Captain M'CLELLAN was ordered to West Point, where he remained three years in command of a company of sappers and miners; then he was removed to Fort Delaware to superintend the construction of the works, and the next year he joined the expedition, which was then proceeding to explore the territory of the Red River under the command of Colonel MARCY, whose daughter M'CLELLAN afterward married. Promoted to a full Captaincy in the First Cavalry in 1855, M'CLELLAN, together with Major DELAFIELD and Major MORDECAI, constituted a committee appointed by JEFFERSON DAVIS, then Secretary of War, to proceed to Europe for the purpose of studying the war of the Crimea. In 1857, as the result of his researches, he published a report of the armies of Europe, and then resigned his commission in the army.

Having previously occupied the situation of Engineer and Vice-President of the Illinois Central Railroad, he was, in 1862, elected President of the Eastern division of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, when he removed to Cincinnati. Shortly afterward the civil war broke out, and Governor DENNISON, of Ohio, appointed M'CLELLAN a Major-General of Volunteers to command the contingent of that State, then consisting of thirteen regiments.

M'CLELLAN's subsequent military history is familiar to the country. His rapid and successful campaign in West Virginia; his labors after the dispiriting reverse at Bull Run in the organization and discipline of a great and efficient army; his appointment to the chief command in November, 1861; his disastrous Peninsular campaign—which has elicited more discussion, political and military, than any other topic of the war; his deposition from command; his restoration to the command after POPE's defeat, and his important victories at South Mountain and Antietam, and then, six weeks afterward, his second deposition;—these successive stages of General M'CLELLAN's military career, though many of them enshrouded in a great deal of mystery, are before the people.

General M'CLELLAN's next appearance is as the candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency. The platform of the party which nominated him is only too evidently a peace-on-any-condition platform. It declares explicitly in favor of an immediate armistice, which will restore to the rebels all which they have lost, and whether the Convention of States which it advocates results in Union or not it still declares for peace. It says distinctly: "The experiment of restoring the Union by war has proved a failure." M'CLELLAN's exposition of his own views in his West Point speech is just as explicit in the opposite direction. He says:

> "To efface the insult offered to our flag, to secure ourselves from the fate of the divided Republics of Italy and South America, to preserve our Government from destruction, to enforce its just power and laws, to maintain our very existence as a nation, these were the causes which impelled us to draw the sword. Rebellion against a Government like ours, which contains the means of self-adjustment and a pacific remedy for evils, should never be confounded with a revolution against despotic power which refuses redress of wrongs. Such a rebellion can not be justified upon ethical grounds, and the only alternatives for our choice are its suppression or the destruction of our nationality. At such a time as this, and in such a struggle, political partisanship should be merged in a true and brave patriotism, which thinks only of the good of the whole country. It was in this cause and with these motives that so many of our comrades have given their lives, and to this we are all personally pledged in all honor and fidelity. Shall such devotion as that of our dead comrades be of no avail? Shall it be said in after-ages that we lacked the vigor to complete the work thus begun? That after all these noble lives freely given we hesitated and failed to keep straight on until our land was saved? Forbid it, Heaven, and give us firmer, truer hearts than that!"

Holding these views, it can not be doubted that GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN has it in his power to-day, by a bold and Jacksonian announcement of them, and by a complete repudiation of the Chicago platform, to wield a larger influence in favor of the Union and of a lasting peace than is in the power of any other single man. That this position would, without much doubt, insure his succession to the Presidency is a minor matter; but it is of infinite consequence that the country be assured that whether GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN or ABRAHAM LINCOLN be President of the United States there shall be no concessions made to armed rebels until they shall have laid down their arms and sued for peace.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

WE give on pages 604 and 605 sketches illustrating General GRANT's campaign. The view of JAMES RIVER given on page 604 is located just above Dutch Gap at the bend of the river. This bend is commanded by the rebel batteries at the Howlett House, and it is to avoid these that BUTLER has been cutting a canal across Farrar's Island, around which the river bends. Admiral LEE has sunk obstructions at this point to prevent the approach of the rebel fleet down the river.

On the same page we give a sketch of GENERAL WARREN'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT THE SIX-MILE HOUSE, on the Weldon Railroad, August 27. The sketch was made by a soldier of the Fifth Corps. Another sketch on page 605 gives a view of FORT HELL, on WARREN's old line before he transferred his corps to the Weldon Road.

PICTURES.

I.

A SILVER thread among the hills,
  Gleaming down the hollows:
A babbling brook among the fells,
  In sunny pools and shallows:
A broad stream flowing through the plain,
  In the land of the fruitful West:
A river rolling to the main,
  Bearing navies on its breast:
And the great broad sea with its thousand shores.

II.

An infant, with a tinkling toy,
  In its mother's bosom fondled:
A chubby, bright-eyed, radiant boy,
  On his father's proud knees dandled:
A youth in learning's eager chase,
  While Truth's broad scroll's unfurled:
A man with anxious care-worn face,
  Bent 'neath the load of the world:
And Death's great sea with its silent shores.

BEN'S BEAVER.

A PIONEER settler in the woods of Canada has need to be a man of brave heart and strong hand. We had been five years on our Canadian farm, and we had "a frame house" as fairly fitted for two families as two flats in Paris one above the other, or two dwellings joining in a semi-detached villa. My eldest brother had the wife of his choice and two fine boys. We had thirty acres in corn, grass, fruit, and kitchen garden. This conquest of the woods made the two brothers next to the eldest very uneasy. They wanted a world to conquer, and I remember when Walter, the eldest, now eighteen, said to my father, "Give John and me ten shillings each to buy axes, and we will never ask any more of you. We will give you a receipt in full for our inheritance."

"And may well do so, if you have your health and can fetch your food from home for a while," said my mother.

The result was, that the two boys started, each with an axe and a knapsack, for a place called "Thug's Hollow," ten miles into the dense forest east of our home. The tract of land, comprising a fine waterfall, had been bought by a man named Sugge, and he intended that his claim should bear his own name; but he lisped and called himself Thugge, and other folks called him what he called himself, and hence the ugly name was fastened on a very lovely valley which is now a beautiful and prosperous village, long ago emancipated from forest trees, beavers, blackened stumps, and its bad name.

On the mill-stream, where now stand the mills of my victorious brothers, Ben's beaver was caught in a box-trap. He was a baby beaver, or he might have known better than to intrude into the small room that became his prison for the bribe of a sweet-apple. The colony of beavers that had built near where the corn-mill now stands had been fastened out of their house, and all shot, by my brothers, while they were trying to get in at their own doors. It was a cruel and profitable job, for beaver skins then brought a very high price. Not one was left alive except baby Brownie, who was given to Ben by reason of his great love of four-footed pets. I went over to see the beavers' house, built of small trees, or saplings, which they cut down with their chisel-like front teeth, and floated into position in the water. The dam, as well formed as if men had built it, the warm dry rooms of the dwelling with their soft lining, the treasures of bark and bulbous roots for food in winter, all were wonderful to me. The boys had watched them at work for some days before they commenced destroying them. They had seen them cut down saplings to repair damage purposely done to their dam. They had floated these to the place where they were wanted, and then, lifting the stick upon the fore-leg, as a man takes a burden on his arm, they had put it in its place, very much after the manner of a monkey. Many have said that the beaver carries burdens on his tail, and that he uses it as a trowel. My brothers were not able to verify these assertions. They were of opinion that though the tail may be used sometimes to brace the animal, like a fifth leg, or to hammer their work into place, yet that it is not used as a trowel or a raft. Perhaps the time they allowed themselves for observation was too short.

I took notes of Brownie for a long time, and he soon grew to be a big beaver and very tame. He was one of the most cheerful and affectionate pets in the world, and, though he ate bark and bulbous roots readily, his favorite food was bread and milk; if it was sweetened it was a special and delightful treat.

One of our neighbors was remarkably fortunate in finding horses that had gone astray. On being asked for the secret of his sagacity and luck, he said: "I always fancy myself a horse, and think of what I would want if I was one, and where I would go to get it." If I could fancy myself a beaver, I might hope to explain some of the singular doings of Ben's. He loved my brother so dearly, that Alice (my brother's wife) was almost jealous of him. It was impossible for Ben to separate or hide from him. On one occasion Ben left home to go to Plattsburg and Whitehall, on Lake Champlain. This lake is nearly one hundred miles long, and has many steamboat landings on both sides: being at its widest not above six miles across. The beaver was left at home, but when Ben went up to his room at the St. Alban's Hotel, he was met by Brownie, who showed no signs of fatigue, and indulged in the most extravagant expressions of joy. Ben rewarded his attention with a dish of bread and milk, of which he ate about one half, and then laid himself to sleep on his master's valise. He changed to his master's feet when my brother was in bed. In the morning Ben missed him, and the remaining portion of the bread and milk. "Brownie has gone home," said Ben to himself. That night he staid at Plattsburg, on the other side of the lake: when he retired to his room, after taking supper in the ordinary dining-room, there he found Brownie on his valise again. Again there was a joyful meeting, and an eager consumption of bread and milk and sweet-apples. This time there was none left for breakfast. Still Brownie disappeared early, and not until Ben reached Whitehall was he again visible. It is to be noted that in all the distance traveled by this beaver, from our home, there was water. Brooks and a small river took him to St. Alban's, and after that he had the lake. The beaver is a poor traveler on land, and does better by night than by day. Much of the work of beaver colonies is done in the night. But Brownie followed his master by day, and made the same speed as the boat, and always knew where to land. The animal has powerful means of water locomotion in the hind feet: his tail he uses as a rudder.

Who or what told Brownie that Ben was to land at Whitehall I can not know, but there he was, ready to pay his ardent respects to his master's pocket for the sake of a sweet-apple.

My sister Alice had hoped when she married Ben to reform him of his passion for four-footed pets by furnishing substitutes; but he went on the principle of "the more angels in the heart the more room," only he read babies and beavers instead of celestial beings. I remember Mrs. Ben's rueful expression of face as she exclaimed, "Oh dear! Brownie is a nuisance. He has built a dam in the parlor, of the fire-irons and fender and a music-stool. He has made a double-roomed house at the back of it with two ottomans, and lined them with the leaves of my last music-book. And then he has stolen my dried sweet-apples, and laid them up for his winter's provision. But he is welcome to them now, for who would eat them after he has messed them over! Indeed, Ben, he *is* a nuisance."

"We are all nuisances sometimes," said Ben, "beavers, babies, and grown men and women."

"I wish you would speak for yourself and Brownie, and not for me and the babies, Ben," said Alice, laughing.

"Look at him!" said my brother, as Brownie combed himself with the claws of his hind foot, making his toilet as carefully as a cat or a lady. We all did look at him, and we all forgave his mischief, and admired his neatness, sagacity, and affection. All the world forgives the pets and favorites when they serve or amuse sufficiently to pay their way.

The end of poor Brownie was tragic, and no settler in Canada has been more sincerely mourned. To this day a tender sadness fills my heart when I think of him. He was mistaken by a hunter for a wild beaver, when the hunter was on an excursion with my brother in the backwoods. He was shot. Ben got his skin and had it stuffed, and to this day it is kept as a parlor ornament in my brother's Canadian house.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YANKEE has invented a new and cheap plan for lodging. One of his lodgers mesmerizes the rest, and then eats a hearty meal—the mesmerized being satisfied from sympathy.

An old gentleman who has paid some attention to small matters, says he always watches with much interest the ingress and egress of husbands and wives to and from the dining and drawing rooms of the hotels at the sea-side at this season of the year. "If," says he, "the wives enter and depart a little in advance of their husbands, be sure they wear the Oh-no-we-never-mention-'ems. If, on the contrary, the husbands take the lead, you may rest assured they take the lead in every thing else."

A young minister, in a highly elaborate sermon which he preached, said several times, "The commentators do not agree with me here." Next morning a poor woman came to see him, with something in her apron. She said her husband heard his sermon, and thought it was a very fine one: and as he said "the common taters did not agree with him," he had sent him some of the very best kidneys.

Hope is the dream of those who are awake.

The Dayton *Journal* states that Fernando Wood in a fine frenzy, during his speech made recently in that city, said that if by offering up his own life he could stop the bloodshed that is now afflicting the country, he would cheerfully do so. An appreciative Irishman in the crowd earnestly responded—"It wud be mighty chape."

A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone saved. "And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers. "I tid not go in the pote," was the Dutchman's placid reply.

A Gascon nobleman had been reproaching his son for impatience. "I owe you nothing," said the unfilial young man. "So far from having served me, you have ever stood in my way; for if you had never been born, I should at this moment be the next heir of my rich grandmother."

"How far is it to Taunton?" asked a countryman, who was walking exactly the wrong way to reach that town. "'Bout twenty-four thousand miles," said the lad he asked, "if you go the way you are going now; about a mile, if you turn round."

"I was never on intimate terms with the prisoner," said a burglar who was used as Queen's evidence against a "pal." "He was no gentleman. I've known him when he was robbing a house to drink a gentleman's Champagne and go off with his silver, without leaving a card of thanks on the dining-room table. He brought discredit on the perfesshun."

When is the mother of a large family like a ship at sea? —When she's upset by a squall.

Why is there no occasion for a flute-player to go to Germany for his health?—Because he can stay at home and breathe a German air.

The clergyman who "came to a head" in his discourse was much disappointed to find no brains in it.

"I can't say I admire your style of acting," said a landlady to a strolling player when she caught him stealing the spoons.

Boys on land often play the game of pitch and toss. When at sea, still oftener.

NAUTICAL CONJURING.—To keep a *Sailor's Log-Book* properly is considered to be the Art of *Ledger-de-Main*.

"Is my wife out of spirits?" said John, with a sigh,
  As her voice of a tempest gave warning.
"Quite out, Sir, indeed," said her maid in reply,
  "For she finished the bottle this morning."

An Irish gentleman, parting with a lazy servant-woman, was asked, with respect to her industry, whether she was what is termed afraid of work. "Oh! not at all," said he, "not at all; she'll frequently lie down and fall asleep by the very side of it."

"Sir," said a barber to an attorney who was passing his door, "will you tell me if this is a good half-sovereign?" The lawyer, pronouncing the piece good, deposited it in his pocket, adding, with gravity, "If you'll send your lad to my office I'll return the three and fourpence."

A mechanic his labor will often discard,
  If the rate of his pay he dislikes;
But a clock—and its case is uncommonly hard—
  Will continue to work though it *strikes!*

A certain young clergyman, modest almost to bashfulness, was once asked by a country apothecary, of a contrary character, in a public and crowded assembly, and in a tone of voice sufficient to catch the attention of the whole company, "How it happened that the patriarchs lived to such extreme old age?" To which question the clergyman replied, "Perhaps they took no physic."

Franklin was once asked, "What is the use of your discovery of atmospheric electricity?" The philosopher answered the question by another, "What is the use of a new-born infant?"

A painter who was well acquainted with the dire effects of law had to represent two men—one who had gained a lawsuit, and another who had lost one. He painted the former with a *shirt on*, and the latter *naked*.

Coleman, the dramatist, was asked if he knew Theodore Hook. "Yes," replied the wit; "*Hook* and *Eye* are old associates."

A gentleman asked a friend, in a very knowing manner, "Pray, did you ever see a cat-fish?" "No," was the response, "but I've seen a rope-walk."

"Well, neighbor, what's the news this morning?" said a gentleman to a friend. "I have just bought a sack of flour for a poor woman." "Just like you! Whom have you made so happy by your charity this time?" "My wife."

"What's in your mind let no one know,
  Nor to a friend a secret show;
For when your friend becomes your foe,
  Then all the world your secrets know."

"The British Empire, Sir," exclaimed an orator, "is one on which the sun never sets." "And one," replied an auditor, "in which the tax-gatherer never goes to bed."

Some persons can neither stir hand nor foot without making it clear they are thinking of themselves, and laying little traps for approbation.

A scholar having fallen into the hands of robbers was fastened to a tree, and left so nearly a whole day, till one came and unloosed him. "Now," says he, "the old adage must be false, which saith that the *tide* tarrieth for no man."

A lady, whose fondness for generous living had given her a flushed face and rubicund nose, consulted Dr. Cheyne. Upon surveying herself in the glass she exclaimed, "Where, in the name of wonder, Doctor, did I get such a nose as this?" "Out of the decanter, madam," replied the Doctor.

A traveler, when asked whether in his youth he had gone through Euclid, was not quite sure, but he thought it was a small village between Wigan and Preston.

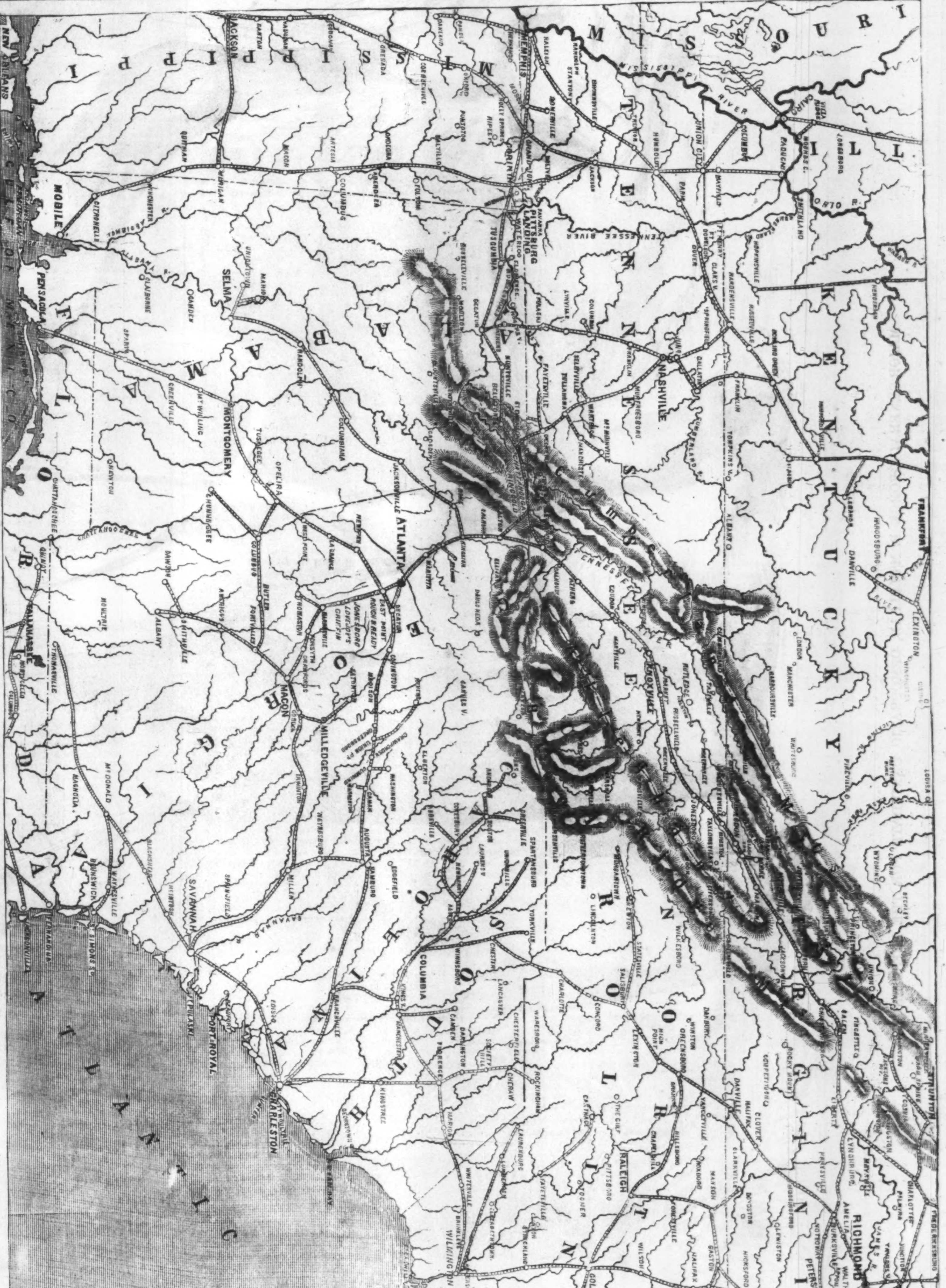
A gentleman at a musical party asked a friend, in a whisper, "How he should stir the fire without interrupting the music." "*Between the bars*," replied the friend.

A traveler relating his adventures, told the company that he and his servants had made fifty wild Arabs run; which startling them, he observed, that there was no great matter in it; "For," says he, "we ran, and they *ran after us*."

Mrs. Bray relates the following of a Devonshire physician, happily named Vial, who was a desperate lover of whist: One evening, in the midst of a deal, the doctor fell off his chair in a fit. Consternation seized on the company. Was he alive or dead? At length he showed signs of life, and, retaining the last fond idea which had possessed him at the moment he fell into the fit, he exclaimed, "*What is trumps?*"

Mr. Smith passed a pork-shop the other day—Mr. Smith whistled. The moment he did this every sausage "wagged its tail." As a note to this, we would mention that the day before he lost a Newfoundland dog that weighed sixty-eight pounds.

An Irishman once ordered a painter to draw his picture, and to represent him *standing behind a tree*.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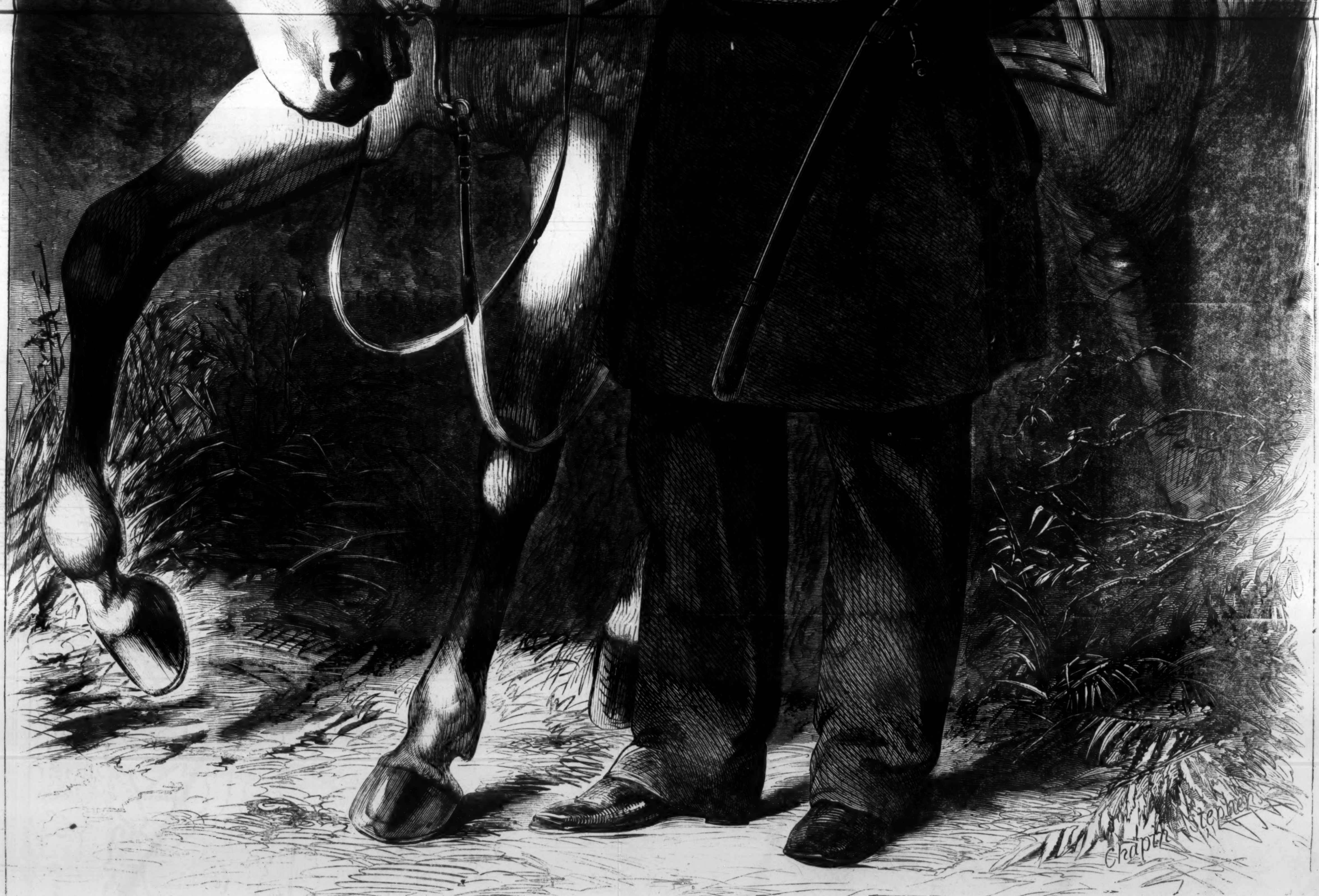
GULF OF MEXICO
ATLANTIC OCEAN
NEW ORLEANS
MOBILE
PENSACOLA
JACKSON
SELMA
MONTGOMERY
MEMPHIS
CORINTH
PITTSBURG LANDING
NASHVILLE
ATLANTA
MACON
MILLEDGEVILLE
AUGUSTA
SAVANNAH
PORT ROYAL
CHARLESTON
COLUMBIA
WILMINGTON
RALEIGH
GOLDSBORO
NEWBERN
WELDON
PETERSBURG
RICHMOND
NORFOLK
KNOXVILLE
FRANKFORT
LEXINGTON
PADUCAH
CAIRO
TALLAHASSEE
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
TENNESSEE RIVER
OHIO R.

MAP SHOWING THE ENTIRE FIELD OF OPERATIONS UNDER GRANT, SHERMAN, AND FARRAGUT.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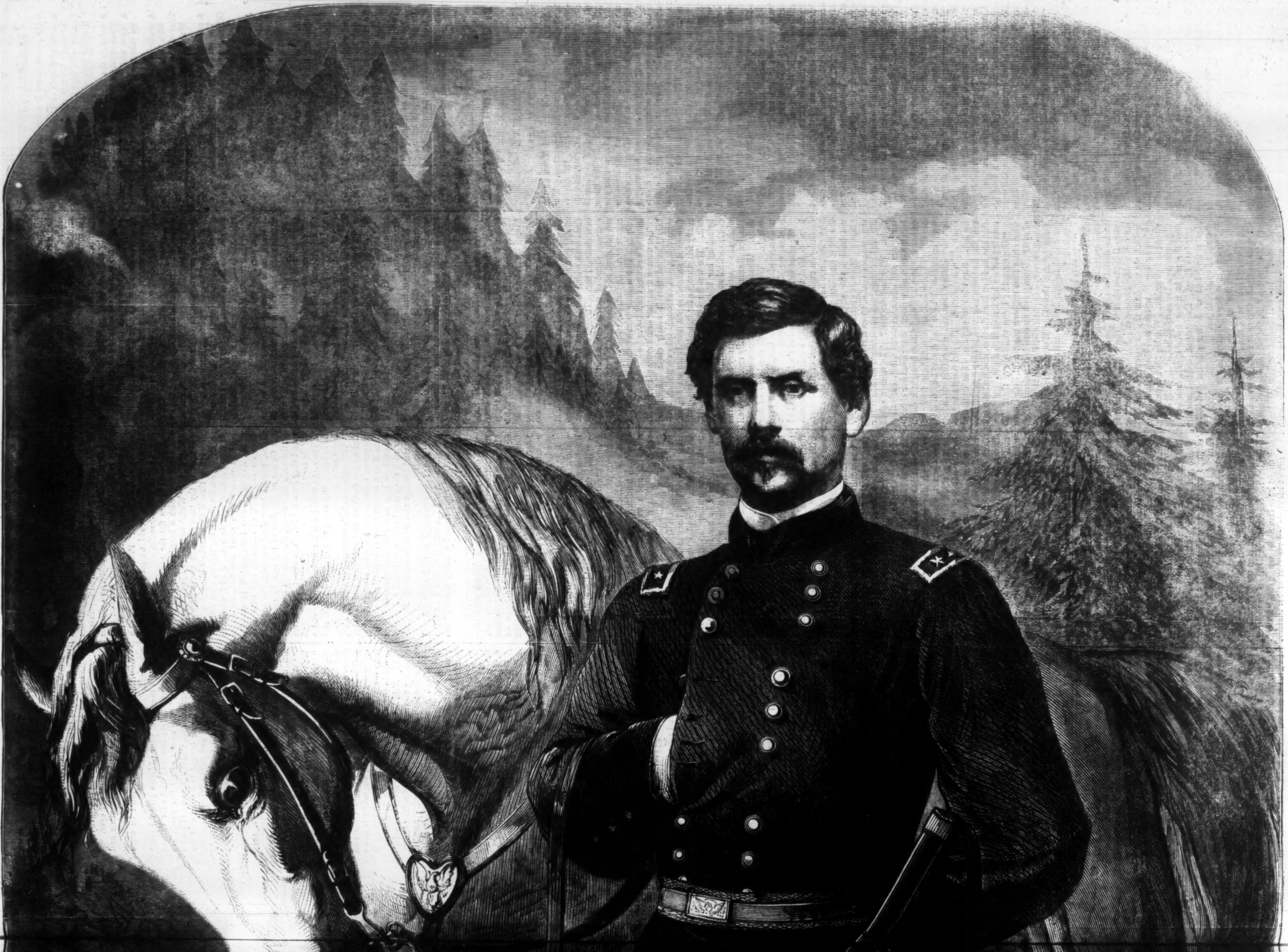
MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.



SEASONABLE WORDS.

"And a word spoken in season, how good it is."

A *gentle* to a little child
In kindly accents given,
Lest we with angry words should blight
The lily buds of heaven.

A *loving* to the bright-haired boy,
Upon whose sunny face
A brave and noble beauty sets,
Its purest seal of grace.

A *tender* to the blue-eyed bride,
Who from the mother nest
Flies to the dream-land of a love,
Warm fluttering at her breast.

A *patient* to the wayward youth;
The bark by tempests tossed
Oft comes to harbor, while the ship
Less tempest-tried be lost!

A *cheery* for the white-haired man,
The frost upon his brow
May hide as warm a heart as thine,
Though winter crowns it now.

A *timely* to the wearied soul,
Beneath life's noonday sun;
That fainting sinks upon its way,
Ere yet the fight be won.

Good words, true words, good *deeds*, kind *deeds*;
Oh! 'tis a glorious part
To shed upon our fellow-man
The sunshine of the heart.

Then, though the chain that binds us here
By Death a while be riven,
Its golden links shall join again
God—beautified in heaven!

QUITE ALONE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLVI.

LILY'S NEW LIFE.

A BREATH of her old life had blown on the faded cheek of the horse-riding countess. The boon companions of by-gone times, the opportunity for being luxurious, and haughty, and insolent, had returned once more. She painted and decked herself with a will; for she knew how select was her audience, and how sure she was of their plaudits. To think that she—who had been the leader of that kind of fashion which fashionable young men are ashamed to own, yet follow, and bow down before with servile reverence—should have been but an hour ago doomed to caper on a circus-horse for the amusement of an amphitheatre full of plebeians, admitted for sixpence in addition to the ordinary price of entrance to the gardens! To think that not so very long since her worldly estate should have been even more debased, and that, ruddled and tattooed, and with feathers on her head, she should have been shown, as a mock savage, for a few liards, on the boards of a French booth!

So the countess is gone to her supper, and the horses are safe in their stables. The last Roman candle has smouldered out, and very ghastly and gallows-like in the moonlight looks the iron frame-work of the fire-works. A faint odor of burning yet lingers about them, and the night breeze stirs shreds of cartridge-paper, half consumed to cinder, which have fallen in the thickets of Ranelagh. You might fancy that this was some huge Place de Grève, where criminals had been broken on the Catherine-wheel, or hanged upon gibbets, and their bodies afterward given up to the flames. But it was only the corpse of Pleasure that had thus been burned to ashes.

The countess is gone to her supper, the peep-shows and fiddling-tents are shut up, and Ranelagh is left to darkness, to the night watchman; and to Lily Floris.

Lily did not live in the gardens, but she and her—well, her guardian, her protectress, her mistress, her tyrant, were generally the last to leave the place. The countess was generally so much exhausted by her exertions in the high school of horsemanship as to require a long period of rest in her dressing-room before she went home. Stimulants—stimulants stronger than eau-de-Cologne—had to be administered before she felt strong enough to retire to her domicile. The countess was liberal—not to say lavish—in her use of stimulants. As she had attained middle age, as her husband was dead, and she had no particular character to speak of, it may not be indiscreet to avow, once for all, that she was in the habit of taking a great deal too much brandy-and-water. She said it did her good. The doctor said it did her harm; but, at any rate, she took it—cold. It did not improve her temper. Far from angelic at the best of times, it now bordered very closely on the fiendish. Her powers of tongue were by no means diminished; yet she seemed to distrust them, and her abusive eloquence was by no means rarely backed up by blows. She was frequently provoked into striking those who offended her; and who could avoid giving offense to that terrible countess? I have heard that the children of the man who makes birch-brooms have usually a bad time of it; and there is considerable risk in residing with a lady of violent temper addicted to drinking, of equestrian pursuits, and part of whose necessary equipment is a riding-whip.

Lily often thought of that dreadful night in Paris, when the Italian met her in the Elysian Fields. Was it a judgment on her for running away, she wondered, that her temporary evasion had been followed by so dire a bondage? Perhaps. Her terror had been so excessive, her despair so great, that it was only in a dim and fragmentary manner that she could recall the incidents of her capture. She had fainted somewhere, that she knew. On returning to consciousness she had found herself in a filthy little room, stretched on a filthier mattress laid upon the floor. The Italian was crouched on a stool by the fire-place, smoking, and a toothless ragged old woman was pottering over some evil-smelling mess in a pipkin on the hearth. The room was seemingly Signor Ventimillioni's studio; for, strewn about, were numbers of unfinished wax torsos, some with wigs and some without, some horrid in hirsute adornments in the way of whiskers and mustaches, and some bare and grinning like corpses. Arms, legs, hands, and feet, appertaining to celebrated characters in ancient and modern history, littered a row of shelves and a rough deal table, together with certain pots full of color, and bits of lace and tinsel. A faint odor of warm wax, even more sickening than that of the stew in the old woman's pipkin, pervaded the hovel.

There came from an inner room a woman with her hair hanging over her shoulders, a half-washed face—for fantastic streaks of paint were still visible on her cheeks and forehead—and an old petticoat and shawl hastily thrown over a theatrical tunic and fleshings. Her spangled sandals were plainly visible beneath her dress. She held in one hand a flaring tallow-candle, and in the other a glass of some liquor.

She knelt down by the side of the still half-fainting girl, and held the glass to her lips.

"Drink!" she said, in English; "drink! this instant. It will do you good. Drink! or I'll strangle you."

Lily could not but obey. The strangely-accoutred woman looked so fierce and spoke so sternly. She swallowed a mouthful of the liquid, which was nauseous to her palate and scorching to her throat, and was, indeed, brandy mingled with water. After a short time she felt better, though dizzy.

"And so I have found you at last, little runaway," the woman went on. "I could have sworn it was you in the booth. I knew those hypocritical little eyes of yours at once. Ah! I have had a fine chase after you, cunning little fox as you are. Where have you been all these years, you crocodile? Come, confess. Let me know all about it. Speak, or I'll beat you."

Nervous and shattered as she was, Lily could at first give scarcely a coherent reply to the questions with which the strange woman well-nigh overwhelmed her. Though she had a vague and alarmed dread of whom she might be, she was not prepared at first to admit her right to interrogate her. In fact, she could only tremble and palpitate like a little bird fresh caught in the hand of a strong cruel boy.

The woman made her drink more of the liquid. Lily pleaded that it nearly choked her, and burned her, but she would take no denial. Although it seemed to set her brain on fire, she really felt stronger for it, and, after a time, could talk. The woman led her on, not unadroitly, by asking her if she remembered Miss Bunnycastle's school at Stockwell, the dinner at Greenwich, the steam-boat, the journey to Paris, the Pension Marcassin. Yes: Lily remembered all these. What next? the woman asked, threateningly. Well, she told all she knew of her residence with Madame de Kergolay: all save her love for Edgar Greyfaunt.

Why had she left the roof of the lady who had been so kind to her? Lily experienced much difficulty in explaining that part of the matter. She could not lie; and yet she dared not avow the hard and bitter truth. The woman would not believe that she had found herself in the Champs Elysées by accident. She had run away, she said: of that she was certain. Lily, blushing and sobbing, was constrained to admit her flight. Why had she fled? The woman asked her again and again, in tones which each time became more menacing. She raised her clenched hand at last, and might have brought it down heavily (for she had been partaking freely of the stimulant which she had forced Lily to sip); but the Italian muttered something from his stool, and she desisted. The girl sought to pacify her. She tried to explain. She confessed that she had been ungrateful to her benefactress, that she had lost her affection, and that she saw nothing before her but sudden flight.

"Ungrateful! I can well believe that. To whom hast thou not been ungrateful, little spawn of evil? From youth upward it has always been the same story—ingratitude, ingratitude!"

Surely she, the Wild Woman, had done a great deal in her time to earn the poor child's gratitude!

"There is some man at the bottom of this," she said at last, rising as if wearied with further cross-questioning. "Thou art just the age to make a fool of thyself for a dandy face and a pair of blonde whiskers. Never mind, little one; we will wait. Sooner or later, by fair means or by foul, we will have thy secret out of thee."

She let her be at last, and the girl sank into a long deep slumber. Waking toward morning, Lily turned on her sorry pallet, and, half hoping that she might never wake again, once more sank into sleep. Excitement, fatigue, and the liquor they had made her swallow had been more than opiates to her.

She was kept close prisoner in the hovel the whole of that day and the whole of the next. The fêtes still continued, and her tyrant was called upon to enact, during at least sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, the part she was so admirably qualified to fill: that of the Wild Woman. Lily used to look upon her in the morning with a curiosity that was mingled with horror as she arrayed herself for the mountebankery of the day. It was a monstrous toilet. How soiled and faded the fleshings were! How frayed at the wrists and armpits! How they bulged into ugly creases at the knees and elbows! How splay-footed the sandals looked, how coarse and garish the embroidery! She had no time to pink her fleshings, but rubbed powdered vermilion into the parts that were discolored, just as she rubbed it into her face. There were patches of the latter, however, that required orpiment, and cerese, and bismuth, and ochre, and chrome yellow to be laid on in grotesque streaks, and half-moons, and dabs. Was she not a Wild Woman of the Prairies? Before she daubed on her war-paint she would anoint her face and hands with a tallow-candle.

"No cold cream for me now, little angel," she would say, with a horrible leer, to the wondering girl. "Watch well what I am doing. It will soon be thy turn to assist me to dress, and woe betide thee if thou makest blunders. Observe, the candle first; the tallow, c'est du suif, de chez l'épicier, tout de bon. And I, who have covered myself with pearl powder—de vraies perles d'Orient—who have basked in eau-de-Cologne and milk of almonds, and who have found, when I have done dressing, the bouquet left for me at the door of my loge by the duke or the embassador—ay, the bouquet with a diamond ring for a holder. 'Cré nom! c'est à crever de rage!"

Then she would drink a little brandy, and a little more, and more, and console herself, and begin to sing.

When she was fully accoutred in all her paint, and all her feathers, and spangles, and tawdry, twopenny splendors, she would, after surveying herself in a broken piece of looking-glass, come forward to Lily and pose and grimace before her with the great wooden club and foil paper-covered hatchet that went to make up her paraphernalia.

"Am I handsome, à cette heure? Am I graceful? Am I fascinating? Am I La Bella Zigazesi, who has turned so many hearts?" she would cry, ironically.

Lily did not know what answer to return.

"You say nothing. You despise your m—your protectress. Ah! you disdain me, do you, Mademoiselle la Comtesse—Baronne—Princesse de Kergolay—Mademoiselle la Marquise de Carabas—Quatre sous? We will soon take your pride out of you. Quick, trollop. Donne-moi la goutte. Give me some brandy, do you hear?"

Lily poured out for her into a glass that was without a foot some of the poison the woman liked so well.

"Ah! that is good," she would say, drawing a long breath. "Ça tue à la longue, mais ça donne du courage—du zug-zug." And then she would throw back her long hair, now coarse and ropy from inculture, and flecked with gray. "A short life and a merry one. Vive la joie et le zug-zug! Dire que j'ai été une miladi—la femme d'un gentilhomme. C'était de la crapule, ce Blunt. Un franc coquin que j'ai eu pour mari. Yes, he was a scoundrel, but he was a gentleman, and I was his wife. I used to ride in a carriage and go to the opera with ostrich feathers in my head. I used to wear diamonds. Look at my hands now, you wolf cub."

Rude work had spread the muscles, swollen the knuckles, roughened the skin, and covered the backs with gnarled knots like unto the roots of trees. They had once been handsome hands; but they were discolored now, and chapped and barked by exposure. In bitter mockery of her former state, she still had her fingers covered with rings; but they were paltry baubles, not worth ten sous apiece—mere bits of glass backed with tinsel and set in hoops of brass, which left green stains upon her flesh.

She would come home at night, tired, dusty, perspiring, the ruddle on her face muddled into one cloudy morass, and more than half intoxicated. The Italian wax-work man would come with her, and he who wore the suit of armor. There was another Italian too, a hideous hunch-backed fellow with a heavy fringe of black whisker beneath his chin, and a huge fur cap and velveteen jacket, who dealt in white mice, marmots, hurdy-gurdies, and Savoyard boys. He went by the name of "L'organo di Barbaria," and no other. He brought one of his slaves with him the second day, a wobegone little object from Chambery, aged about eleven, very wan-faced and ragged, who had a consumptive cough, and crouched down in a corner, cuddling a diminutive monkey, who was, as to his upper parts, attired after the fashion of a marquis of the ancient régime, and, as to his lower, after that of the Sultana Scheherazade, as seen in illustrations of the Arabian Nights. And of this monkey the wobegone little boy from Chambery seemed passionately fond.

While the men and the Wild Woman were wrangling over their brandy and tobacco and dominoes Lily ventured to approach the little monkey boy and slip into his hand a piece of bread, the remnant of her coarse repast.

The Wild Woman saw the action. "Young robber," she cried out. "Attends, je vais te donner une triplée. Ah! I have the double six." But beyond this she took no notice of Lily's patronage of the Savoyard.

The girl was very glad. She made the boy eat, and was delighted that he first of all took care of the monkey, whom he addressed as Cupidon, and whose white teeth were soon chattering over a crisp bit of crust. Lily, growing bolder, stroked the long lean paw of the ape, and even mustered up enough courage to scratch his bullet head. He resented this liberty somewhat, and might have bitten the girl, but for a warning tug at his chain on the part of his master. Then he retired into private life, and the bosom of the Savoyard's friendly but uncleanly shirt, there to dwell in pensive dreams, perhaps, of his primitive forests, and the happy days when he hung on to the limbs of trees by his prehensile tail, watching his great uncle as he hurled cocoa-nuts at the head of the intrusive traveler. Still absorbed as he was in the pleasures of warmth and rest from labor, Lily could see his little bright eyes twinklingly watching her from under the waistcoat of the Alpine boy.

"Where do you dance?" asked the Savoyard.

"Dance?" quoth Lily, opening her eyes.

"Haven't I seen you with a tambourine and red shoes, doing the Infiorata?"

Lily told him, gently, that it must be some other girl.

"How much did your padrona give for you? My padrone paid six hundred francs for Vittore Emmanuele" (the names of all Savoyards are either Victor Emanuel, Charles Albert, or Charles John). "My father bought two cows and six goats with my price, and paid off Gripe Minaud, the blood-sucker, who had lent him money to raise his crop. Does your padrona beat you? My master beats us with a chain. Luigi, the boy from Genoa, who died, tried to poison 'L'organo' in his petit verre. When they washed him for burial his body was all blue."

They were a curious trio—the girl, the Savoyard, and the ape.

On the morning of the third day the Wild Woman came to Lily's bedside, and said, "March!" The girl had nothing to pack up, and still wore the modest little bonnet and shawl she had had on when she ran away from Madame de Kergolay. The Wild Woman had discovered her locket, and, not without tears and entreaties on Lily's part, had wrenched it away from her. She had nothing now that belonged to her in the world, and was Quite Alone.

The Wild Woman's traveling dress was a faded tartan gown, and a more faded scarlet shawl, with a bonnet inconceivably battered. She did not fail to remark, however, as she bade Lily survey her, that she had been in the habit of wearing velvets and cashmeres, and a bird of paradise plume in her bonnet. And then she cursed, and took a little more cognac.

The Italian wax-work man, who was either the Wild Woman's husband, or some relative, near, but decidedly not dear to her, was to be of the party. He was not so very ill-conditioned a fellow, and was passing kind to Lily, never failing to remonstrate, and, if need were, to interfere if the woman offered to strike her. The Wild Woman's temper, especially toward evening, when she had partaken most copiously of cognac, was very uncertain; and there was no knowing when the blows might begin to fall.

They went by means of a wagon, laden with the wax-work and the scenery and appointments of the Wild Woman (for the shows were a joint concern, and Ventimillioni appeared to be proprietor of them both), to a place called Pontoise. Thence to Orleans, and thence even so far as Dijon. They halted by night at mean inns, where sometimes they obtained a couple of bedrooms cheaply, and sometimes Ventimillioni and the countess—that is to say, the Wild Woman—camped out in a barn. The toothless old woman had been left in charge of the hovel on the quay in Paris, but Lily had always, however small and miserable it might be, a room to herself. The Wild Woman never failed, likewise, in the precaution of taking away Lily's clothes, and the candle, and locking the door after her, when she retired for the night.

The girl fell into a state of semi-lassitude and apathy. She did not seem to care much what became of her. She had lost her purview. Her horizon was bounded on all sides by the Wild Woman and the Italian, and beyond them she could discern nothing. She was not specially desirous to die; but she was not particularly anxious about living. She was not even actively unhappy. She was quite submissive and resigned: only numbed, and chilled, and torpid.

There were fairs on the road; and at some of these the Wild Woman gave her performance, and Signor Ventimillioni exhibited his wax-work. On these occasions Lily was always carefully locked in her room, and got neither dinner nor supper till the pair returned at night, the woman not very sober, now grumbling, now chuckling over the receipts of the day and evening.

It was at a place called St. Esprit, and when Lily had been locked up many hours on a hot August afternoon, and felt very lonely—just that kind of loneliness when you begin to hear strange noises that have no foundation save in your imagination—that a big country girl, who was waitress and chambermaid at the miserable auberge the party had put up at, came into the room. "I have got another key, little one," she said, triumphantly.

The country girl had very red elbows and a face like a tomato, little pig's eyes, and matted hair whose roots were within an inch and a half of her eyebrows. She breathed hard when she spoke, and, seemingly, was not unaccustomed to the use of garlic as a condiment with her meals.

"I have a key, little one," she continued, "and something else, too. Atrappe." And from beneath her apron she produced a mighty slice of bread covered with blackberry jam.

Lily was really hungry, and only too glad to get the bread and jam. She had well-nigh devoured it, when the girl whose face was like a tomato said:

"Why don't you run away? I would, if I were you. I know those wretches treat you cruelly. I have heard them abusing you at night, after I have gone to bed. Tenez, ma petite. I have got fifteen francs saved up to buy me a golden cross, but my bien-aimé will give me another, I am sure, even if he is obliged to sell himself as a substitute in the conscription to do so. Take my fifteen francs, and run away from these bad people."

Run away! She had tried that once before; but whither was Lily to run now?

Lily heard the good-natured country girl out, and thanked her for her bread and jam, but she bade her take back the key, lest she should get herself into trouble, and told her that she had no thoughts of running away. No one meant to treat her unkindly, she said, and, if she was unhappy, it was her own fault. She was, in truth, too weary to fly. She did not care much what became of her. The first hour of captivity is very awful; you rage and scream, and feel as though you could hang yourself to your dungeon bars, or dash your brains out against the walls; but days, weeks, months, years pass, and at last you bear your durance with a dull apathy that is well-nigh utter indifference. It does not so much matter. A year the more or a year the less does not count. And at last, when haply the cell door is opened, and you are told that you are free, you are in no very great hurry to move. You have remained here so long, why should you not stay here a little longer? Prisoners have been known to memorialize their jailer to be allowed to stop, when their discharge has arrived, and at last they have had to be turned out of the prison by force. There are times when you might leave Gonfaloniere's door in the casemates of Spielberg open, and tell him that the sentinel is bought, and that he has two hours to get away—when Silvio Pellico might find the bars of his cell window under the piombi sawn through, and a rope-ladder nailed to the sill; and yet when the captives would but yawn, and think it scarcely worth their while to make their escape. There is somewhat of the infinite mercy of Heaven in thus blunting our senses during suffering. The victim sleeps at the stake. I have heard of a convict who committed suicide because the end of his slavery was rapidly approaching; but I think you might trust a hundred convicts with razors to shave themselves every day for a year without three of them cutting their throats.

Lily was not in chains, and her window was not barred; but she was a captive nevertheless. She had resigned herself to it, and waited submissively enough for what was to come next.

The hostess of the tavern where they lived at Dijon brought her her meals after this. Perhaps she suspected the good nature of her servant girl. The Wild Woman had told her that Lily was a refractory apprentice, obstinately intent on not learning to dance on the tight-rope, and inveterately addicted to running away. The hostess, who had had much to do with mountebanks in her time (her husband had been a paillasse, and her eldest son was a ventriloquist, while her youngest daughter walked on stilts), fully believed this story, and looked upon Lily as a very atrocious young criminal indeed.

"If you were apprenticed to me," she would say, "my faith, I would arrange you. You should learn to dance as the bears do. Va petite drôlesse, je te ferais sauter à la musique d'un bon martinet. I'd lay a strap about you, that's all."

Lily did not think it worth while to bandy words with this woman, who was stupid and violent, and given to imbibing too much cassis.

"Sulky young baboon," the hostess would continue, shaking her forefinger at her. "At thy age, too. Almost a woman. And not so very bad-looking, either," she added, in an under-tone to herself. "Dost thou know what will come to thee for running away? The police will get hold of thee, and thou wilt be sent to prison, absolument comme une coureuse. Is it so very difficult, then, to dance on the cord? Bah! when I was half thy age my father made me swallow a Turkish cimiter and the sabre of a cuirassier; and before I was twelve I was practicing the back somersault on a spring board into a pond of water, to prevent breaking my bones when I fell."

A fortnight elapsed before the Wild Woman came back; but she returned radiant. They had been to Lyons: to the fair of the Croix Rouge. Ventimillioni had run over to Geneva, where, in those days, and may be, for aught I know, to this day, there is a public gaming-table. Luck was in his favor, and the Italian had won heavily: two hundred Napoleons. He had come back to Lyons, dressed up the Wild Woman in satin and velvet, bought her a bonnet with a bird of paradise plume in it, covered her wrist and neck with cheap jewelry, and taken her over to Geneva. Luck had gone against him then; and with a very few Napoleons remaining from his winnings, he was prepared moodily to return to the place whence he came, and take to the wax-work business again. But the Wild Woman—Madame la Comtesse in future, if you please—had been experiencing the smiles of fortune, while on the unhappy Ventimillioni she had so suddenly scowled. Madame had not ventured any thing beyond a few five-franc pieces on the red or the black; but she had met an old, a very old acquaintance at Geneva. Whence it arose that she returned to Dijon radiant.

"Up, paresseuse!" she cried to Lily. "Up, and get your rags together. We are going back to England and to life."

The girl, who passed most of her time now crouching listlessly in a corner, interpreted this command as a literal one, and stood up in obedience to it. Madame seemed to recollect that the rags she had spoken of were already gotten together, and that Lily had no others.

"Did ever one see such a tatterdemalion?" she grumbled. "I must go to a revendeuse à la toilette, and get her some clothes to travel in."

Lily was locked up for the last time; but within an hour madame came back with a fat old woman who had a lisp and the asthma, and whose splay, slowly crawling feet, in their roomy black list slippers, looked like a pair of turtle in mourning for their brethren who had been made by cruel epicures into soup. The fat old woman carried a big bundle beneath each arm, and Lily was speedily equipped in some faded but decent second-hand garments. The countess sat by, inspecting the proceedings, and tapping the floor impatiently with her parasol. It was the second time, Lily remembered, that she had so been fitted out under inspection. The last time it was by Cutwig & Co.

Ten days afterward they were in London. The Italian staid behind. He seemed to bear separation from the Wild Woman—the countess, I mean—with great equanimity. She had for him, and had had always, the haughty and insolent indifference we feel for a person whose grade is beneath ours, but who is useful to us. Even in her lowest state she had treated the wax-work man du haut en bas.

"When I pay you a visit in London, my empress," the Italian remarked, showing his white teeth, "you will have some macaroni for your Angelo, your Angelino, your Angeliotto—is it not so?"

"That depends," she answered, tossing her head. "Can you let me have any more money?"

"Not a bajocco! you would devour as many millions as there are in my name. I have but four Louis d'or left, and I must have crowded houses at the show for a fortnight, or I shall starve."

"That is your affair."

"Yes, my duchess, that is my affair"—and the Italian showed his teeth again—"what a pity I did not put you on a pair of pasteboard wings, and show you as an angel instead of a Wild Woman! Well, I am not angry with you. Donna è mobile. When you are tired of England, and have lost your engagement through too many potations (you are too fond of cognac, my Zenobia), you will be glad enough to come back to your Angelo, and grate the cheese for his macaroni."

"I hope not."

"Yes you will. Till then, farewell. Take care of the Poverina"—this was Lily, and he patted her, not unkindly, on the shoulder—"and keep your hands off her. England is a good country, though the sun never shines there, and there are laws to protect the weak. Here, La Giustizia never interferes with you, unless your passport is out of order."

"I shall do what I like with my own."

"Precisely. Don't ill-treat your cat, or your dog, or whatever else is your own, then. Go, and be happy. Don't tear your new padrone's eyes out, if you can help it. What is his name? Il Signor Touticello—what is it? Dio mio! what a barbarous language it is!"

"His name is no business of yours. Tu m'embêtes, Ventimillioni. Que cela finisse!"

And so parted. The Italian may have been a roving vagabond, not over-scrupulous as to morality; but he was a good-natured kind of fellow, and, when he showed his white teeth, looked quite amiable.

This is how Lily came back to England, and became acquainted with Ranelagh. She had become the attendant, the dresser, the drudge, the slave—call it what you will—of Madame Ernestine, the lady who was creating so great a sensation in the high school of horsemanship.

OUR LOST BOY.

"My dear, I assure you I have not the least idea where he is."

I said this to Mrs. Dobb on her return at ten o'clock at night. You see, cousin Bob drove up to the house just after tea, and invited my wife to go for a ride behind his bays. Bob drives a fast and handsome span of bays, and a ride behind them is a treat she is always delighted to enjoy, particularly as I do not keep horses myself. I keep a cow, but she is not good to either ride or drive. It is a pleasing trait in my wife's character, that she always obtains my permission before going to ride with Bob. On this occasion she said:

"James, Bob is going to drive me out to the Grove and back. We sha'n't be gone long."

"All right, my dear. I permit you."

"Oh, thank you, I'm sure! Permit!"

And then she went.

I was left in sole charge of the house and the four little Dobbs. Bridget had gone for a walk with one of her cousins, of which she has a *quantum sufficit*. I instructed the children in the matter of behavior, and then entered my study and went to writing. I never thought of those babies again until about half past nine. Then I shut up my study and went to look after them. I found little Susie curled up on the sofa in the parlor, fast asleep. Sallie had gone to bed, and tucked herself nicely in with her hoops on. Nell was on the hall-stairs, sleeping like a top. And Fred was—

I hunted the house all over, from cellar to garret, and finally came to the reluctant conclusion that I did not know where Fred was. So when Mrs. Dobb came home, that is what I told her.

"James, do you want to frighten me to death?"

"No, my dear; that would be too horrible."

"Then where is that boy?"

"I give you my word I don't know."

"Why, where did he go?"

"My dear, if I knew where he went I should go after him immediately."

"Oh, dear! was there ever such a man? And I have just got home alive, after being run over by the cars."

"You don't tell me! Are you hurt much?"

"Well, we just escaped. The locomotive came so close to us that it took my breath away, and Bob had to put his arm around me to keep me from swooning."

"Novel expedient!"

"And he said I trembled like a leaf. And now I come home only to find that you have lost our boy, and to be frightened to death again."

"Now, my dear, you are too severe. *I* lost the boy? I didn't lose him."

"Then I ask you again, where is he?"

"I'll go and find him."

"Find him!" said my wife, with a perceptible accent of incredulity. "We shall never find him this night."

Nevertheless I lit a cigar, exchanged my slippers for boots, put on my coat and hat, and set out in the night to beat the neighborhood.

I walked around the square, examining the gutters carefully, and looking over fences into people's door-yards, but I found nothing but a large number of dogs, which barked at me as if I were a burglar.

Pausing under a street-lamp, I saw two female figures approaching, and grasped my stick to be prepared for the worst. They proved to be Mrs. Dobb and Bridget.

"Can't you find him?" said my wife, in tremulous tones.

"Why no, my dear, I haven't found him yet, but I dare say I shall."

"James, how *can* you be so calm?"

"Why, what's the use in fidgeting?"

"And that darling child may be floating in the river, with his poor little face turned up to the stars, and his father talks about fidgeting!"

"You horrify me, Susan. I will go right down to the river and see about it."

I walked off smoking.

It was a long walk to the river, and smoking is favorable to thought. Before I got to the water's edge I had concluded that there was little probability Fred would be found there. What should he go to the river for? However, I stood on the dock and looked up and down the stream, but I could see nothing floating.

A man came off a canal-boat near by, and I asked him if he had seen a little boy around there without any cap on.

"Why, yes," he said, "I have. How old a boy was it you wanted, Sir?"

"Oh, about six or seven years old," I replied. I never can remember those children's ages exactly. My wife says if I had a thousand children I couldn't remember their ages, and I dare say I couldn't. "How was this little boy dressed that you saw?" I continued.

"I didn't notice partic'lar. He was purty ragged. He axed me fer some cold wittles, and I guv him in charge. If I'd only knowed y' wanted 'im!"

"But my boy isn't ragged."

"Oh, *your* boy! Have y' lost yer boy, Sir?"

"Yes, he's got away somewhere. I was afraid he might have fallen in the river."

"P'r'aps he have. A many boys git drownded in the river."

"Good Heavens! I hope not."

"Oh, but they do! Now I think of it, my old woman said she heard something about a half 'n hour ago. Who knows but it might 'a ben him?"

You can not conceive with what a cheerful sprightliness the wretch advanced this proposition.

"I'll tell you what it is," said I; "if you'll get a boat, and row up and down the river and look, I'll give you ten dollars if you find him."

"But s'posin' I don't find 'im?"

"So much the better."

"I tell *you* what," said the man, "if you don't mind givin' me a dollar afore I start, I'll git a boat and make a hunt for that. I wouldn't care to go otherways."

I gave him a dollar, and saw him set out in a leaky boat which required a deal of preliminary bailing; and that was the last I saw of him.

After waiting a long time on the dock I went on the canal-boat and put my head in at the cabin door. There was a light burning on a table, but nobody was there. Descending into the cabin, I took a card from my pocket, and sat down to write a word of instruction to the man against his return with the lost boy, when I was startled by a loud scream close at my back. Turning, I beheld a feminine head in a dirty night-cap, and two eyes glaring at me as if I were a ghost.

"Don't be alarmed, my good woman. I wished to leave a note for your husband, who is out looking for my boy."

"Where's yer boy?"

"I don't know where he is. He's lost. Your husband is out on the river in a boat looking for him."

"Drownded?"

"I hope not. Your husband spoke of your hearing a splash in the water, or a cry of distress, a little while ago, and—"

"Thet's his gas. I ha'n't heard nothin'."

"Why, he told me you did."

"He's gassin'. How much d'ye pay 'im?"

"I paid him a dollar."

"That's enough."

"Enough for what?"

"Fer a lie. He's gone down the river t' drink yer health."

"You don't mean to say—"

"Yas I do. You may's well go home."

And home I went.

"Have you found him?" asked my wife, her pale face greeting me at the door.

"No, my dear, not yet. I didn't know but he had come home. What time is it?"

"It's after eleven; and oh! *where* is that poor child?"

"I'll go out again, dear;" and I started, with a weary sigh.

"James!" called my wife.

"Well, what is it?"

"Hadn't you better take the dinner-bell, and ring it, and wake the neighbors? Who knows but he has gone in somewhere and gone to bed?"

"Fudge!"

"How can you be so heartless as to say fudge at such a time as this?"

And Mrs. Dobb began to cry.

"There, it won't do any good to cry, Susan. I said fudge, but of course I didn't exactly mean it. But don't you know that if our boy was at any of the neighbors' they would send him home?"

"Well, I don't know what harm there would be in just ringing the dinner-bell."

"I shouldn't want any body to go ringing bells through the streets after *I* was abed, Susan."

"They might well ring bells if they had lost their children," persisted my wife.

"Well, I'll go to the police-station and set the police after him. They'll find him easily enough, and bring him home in the morning. You go to bed and don't worry."

"Oh, James, how you *can* be so calm I never can understand! But you don't love your children as their mother does. I shall not sleep a wink till I find that poor boy again."

"Well, good-night, dear. I'll be back in an hour or so."

And off I went, with a fresh cigar.

Confound the boy, he should have such a lecture as he would remember, when I got him again—straying off in the night in this way, and making his poor father tramp the town after him.

Wherever I saw a light—in drinking saloons and so on—I stuck my head in and inquired if they had seen a stray boy. I got all sorts of replies, and in one place a hilarious young gentleman invited me to "come up and drink on it;" but I didn't find my lost lamb.

At the police-station I left a description of my boy: blue eyes, curly hair, six or seven years old, buff waist, drab pants embroidered around the bottom, and blue-and-white plaid stockings. I received the assurance that lost children almost always turned up all right in the morning, and that my boy should be brought home as soon as discovered.

My wife was still up when I got home.

"Have you found him?"

"No, my dear—I give him up."

"James!"

"But I've set a policeman after him—a big fellow—six feet at least—big as two of me. He'll find him."

After which confident statement I began to undress myself.

"Are you going to bed?" asked my wife.

"Why, of course I am. I'm sleepy."

"Was there ever such a man?" groaned Mrs. Dobb.

I went to bed. I could not coax Mrs. Dobb to do likewise. Ah, how refreshing the soft couch was! I dozed off like a little kitten, and had become quite oblivious of worldly cares, when that unhappy woman came into the room, lamp in hand.

"James!"

"Eh! What now?"

"What time did you say Freddie went out?"

"I said I didn't know, my dear."

"What were you doing?"

"I was writing all the evening."

"What time did you miss him?"

"When I got through writing; about half past nine."

"Did you search the house?"

"Yes, dear, I searched it all over. And now I'm sleepy. Good-night."

"Did you look down cellar?"

"Yes; I looked every where."

"Did you look in the barn?"

"In the barn? No. What's the use? He couldn't get in there. The door's fast."

But nothing would do but I must get out of bed now, and go and overhaul the barn. I did; and I looked through all the outhouses, but there was no boy.

"Let's search the house again, James."

"Why, what's the use? I have. And I dare say you and Bridget have again."

"Of course we have. Do you suppose we could sit here idle? But I *must* go over the house again. It will help pass away the time till morning."

"I can pass the time very comfortably asleep, my dear," I said, with a heavy yawn.

"Oh, you can do any thing! I believe you could sleep if it was judgment-day."

"Very likely I might, Susan, if I was as sleepy as I am to-night."

Of course you know we went over the house again. We inspected the wood-pile, and we looked under the sofas. We examined all the closets, and we opened all the trunks. We overhauled the pantry, and we poked under the library, where a cat could hardly get to sleep.

"James, I want to know where you were when that boy went away?"

"Why, I told you I was in my study, writing."

"Go in and show me."

"Oh, vexation! Won't you ever let me go to bed?"

I went into the study, and sat down at my round table.

"There!" said I. "Here is where I sat. The inkstand was here; the lamp was here; the dictionary was under this foot, and the other foot was stretched under the table—so!"

Ah!

My naked foot touched a soft lump under the table. I looked under. There he was. Curled up on the floor, fast asleep.

"Come out here, you rascal!" said I; and I drew him forth, rubbing his little eyes with his two little fists.

"Oh, you darling, darling child!" burst forth my wife, in ecstasy, as she folded him in her arms; "where *have* you been?"

"My dear, that's superfluous! He's been under the table, clearly enough."

"The poor boy!"

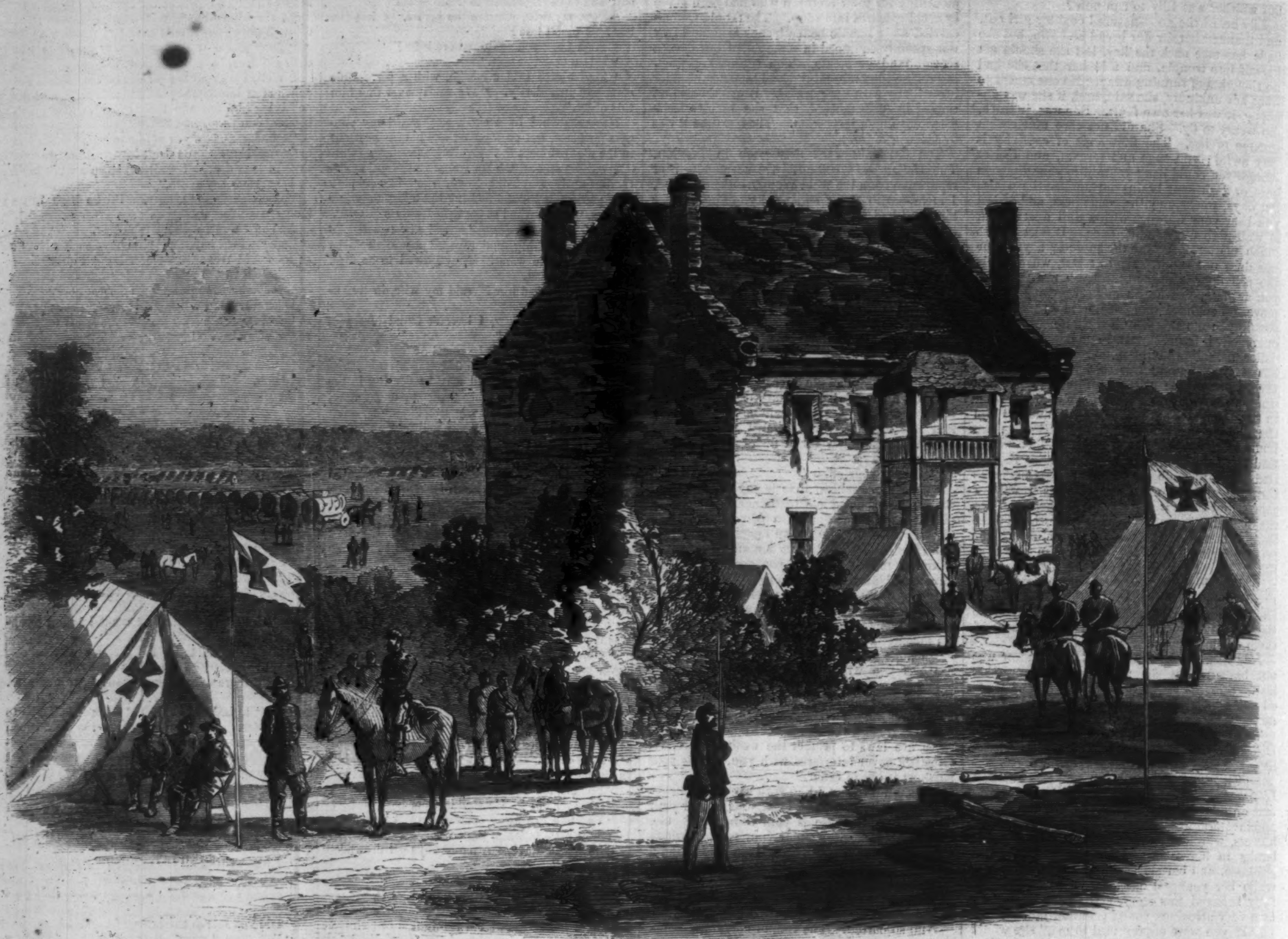
"Crawled under there in one of his sly moods, I suppose, to give papa a surprise, and dropped asleep while I scratched on unconscious."

"The dear child!"

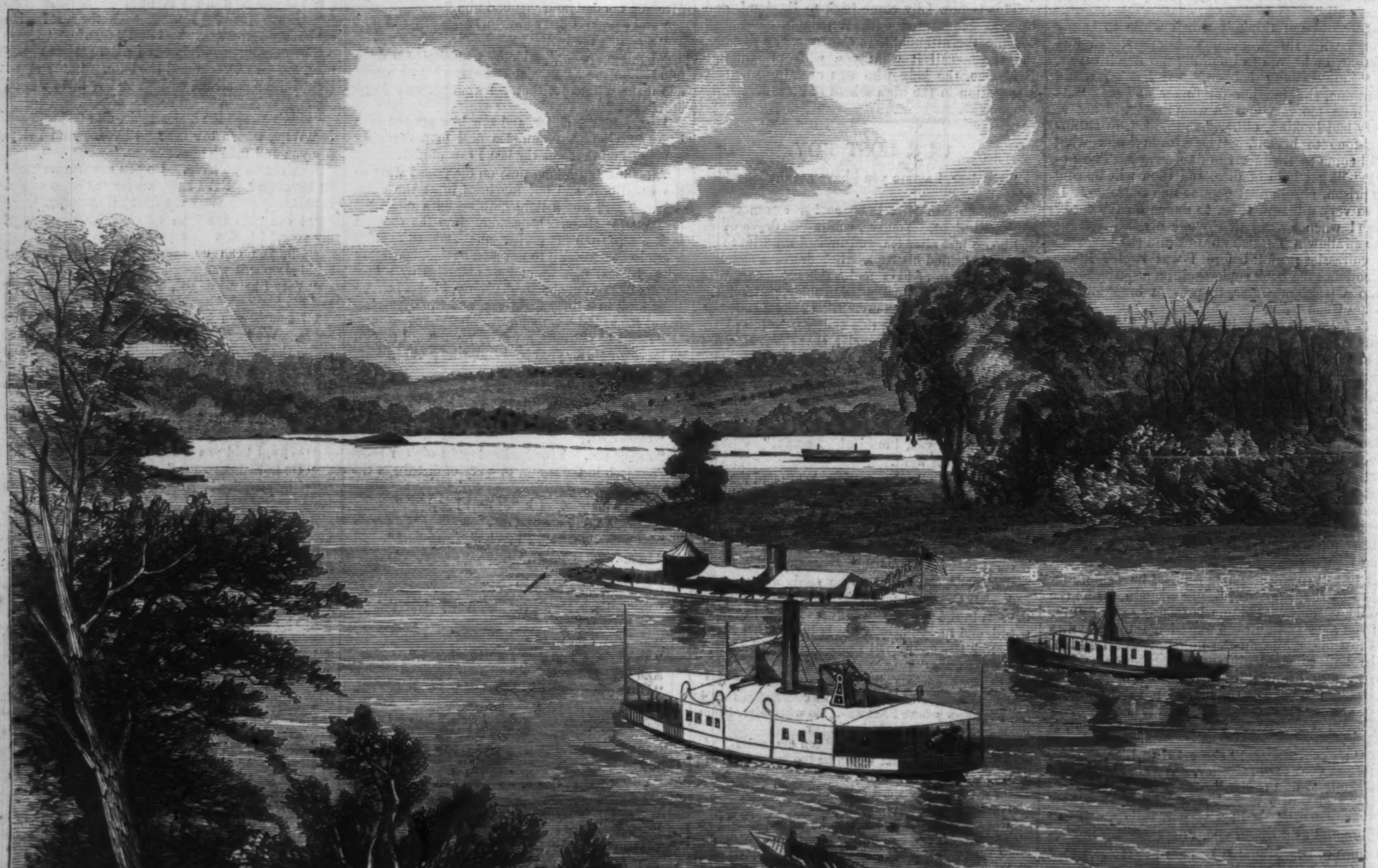
"And has been snoozing away like a little pig while I have been ransacking the town, feeing boatmen, invoking policemen, and all but ringing dinner-bells, my dear."

"And good enough for you," said Mrs. Dobb; "you'll take better care of my children next time I go out to ride with cousin Bob."

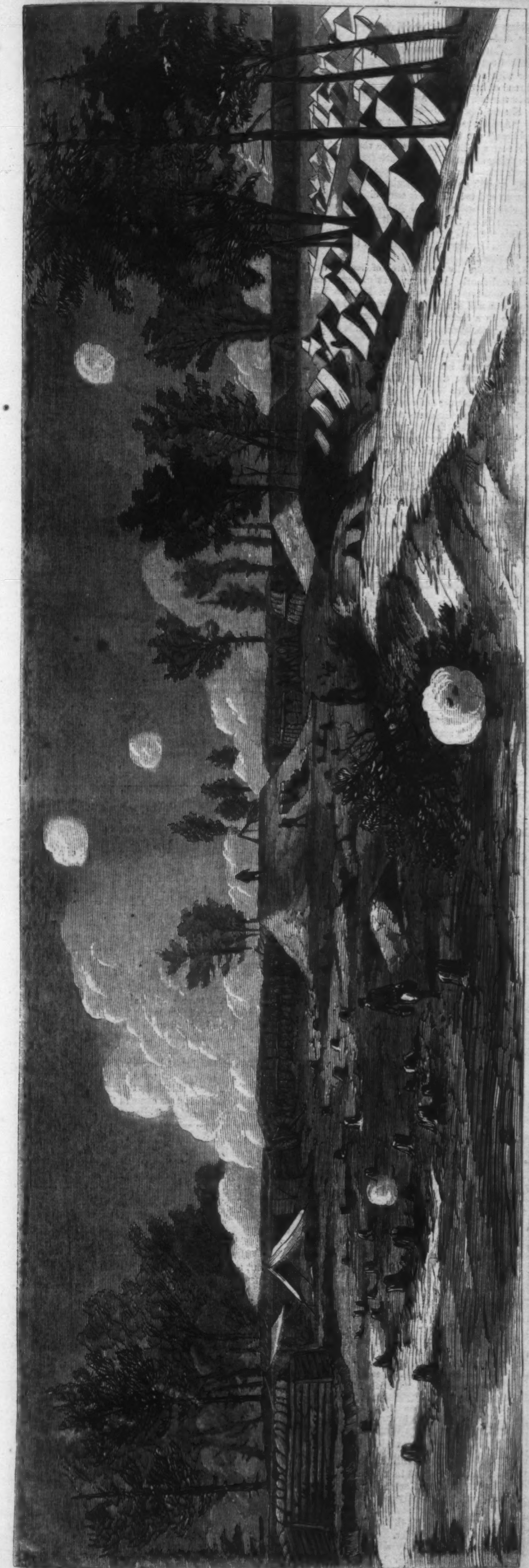
"Oh, confound cousin Bob!"



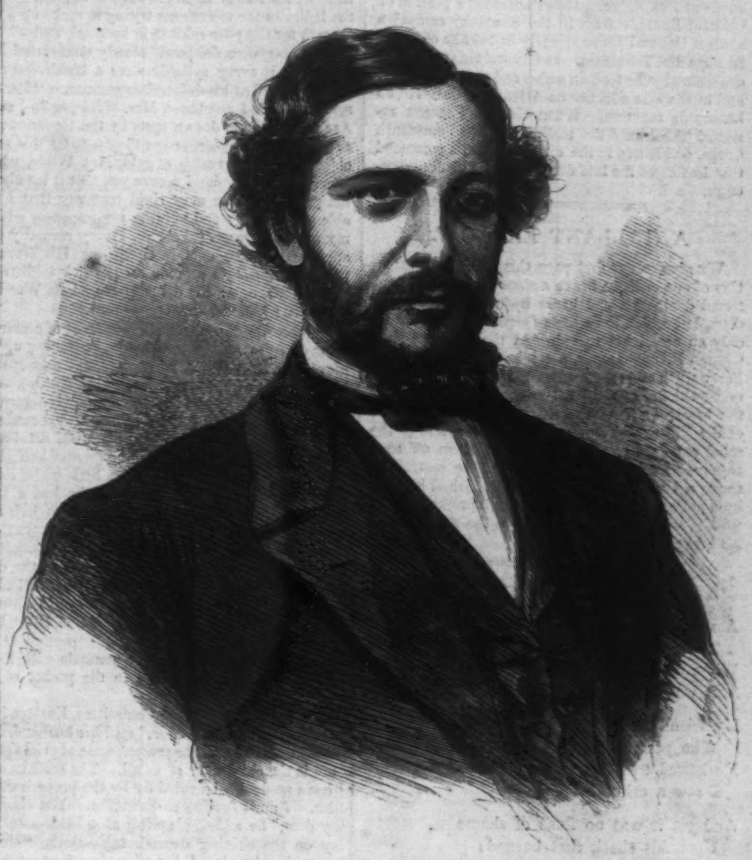
GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—WARREN'S HEAD-QUARTERS ON THE WELDON ROAD, August 27, 1864.—Sketched by G. W. Webb.—[See Page 598.]



VIEW OF THE JAMES RIVER AND THE BEND AROUND FARRAR'S ISLAND, ABOVE DUTCH GAP.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 598.]



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—FORT HELL, ON GENERAL WARREN'S FORMER LINE.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 598.]



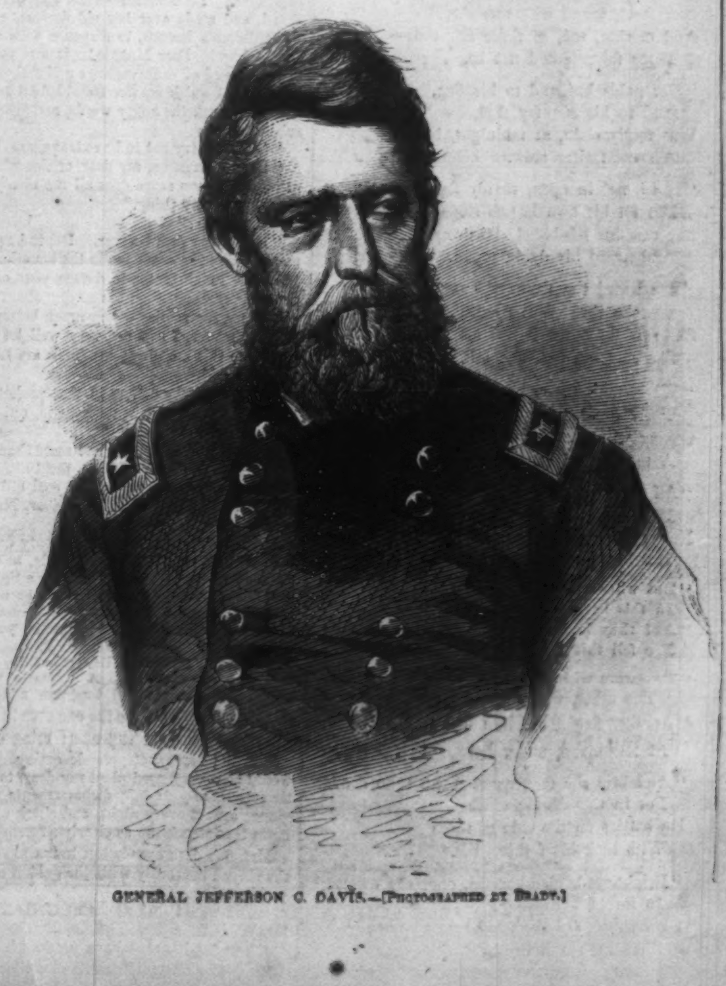
HON. GEORGE H. PENDLETON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

HON. GEORGE H. PENDLETON.

GEORGE H. PENDLETON, the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, whose portrait we give on this page, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, July, 1825. He was elected a member of the State Senate of Ohio in 1854 and 1855, and was the subsequent year chosen as representative of his district in Congress, and has held that position ever since. Personally Mr. PENDLETON is a man of pleasant manners, and has always been popular with his associates. His sentiments are in perfect harmony with the principles of the Chicago Platform. Unlike Cox and other representatives of his party, PENDLETON is sincere in his political faith.

GENERAL JEFF C. DAVIS.

WE give below a portrait of General JEFFERSON C. DAVIS, who lately distinguished himself in the battle of Jonesborough, Georgia. He was a native of Indiana, and graduated from West Point with the rank of Second Lieutenant of the First Artillery, June 17, 1847. In February, 1852, he received a First Lieutenancy. He was one of the officers under Major ANDERSON's command at Fort Sumter. It was General DAVIS who, in September, 1862, shot General NELSON at the Galt House in Louisville. General NELSON had insulted DAVIS, and the latter was acquitted of the murder. He was at this time a Brigadier-General. He had en-



GENERAL JEFFERSON C. DAVIS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

tered the war as Colonel of the Twenty-second Indiana Volunteers. In March, 1862, while yet a Colonel, he was given a Major-General's command, taking an important part in the spring campaign in the Missouri Department, which culminated in the battle at Pea Ridge. He commanded a portion of General BUELL's army in the Kentucky campaign against General BRAGG; early in 1863 he occupied Shelbyville, Tennessee. In General GRANT's Western campaign he took an active and prominent part; and in the late advance on Atlanta he deserves an honorable mention. When General PALMER resigned he assumed the command of the Fourteenth Corps, and it was in the exercise of this command that he fought the late decisive battle of Jonesborough.

A GALLANT EXPLOIT.

WE give on our first page this week an illustration of one of those brave actions which have conferred distinction and honor upon our private soldiers, but which have most frequently passed with only an occasional record. At the battle of Ezra Church HARRY DAVIS, a soldier belonging to the Forty-sixth Ohio regiment, advanced far to the front under the fire of rebel batteries, and reaching over the breast-works of the enemy, grasped the colors of the Thirtieth Tennessee from the hands of the rebel standard-bearer and brought them off as a trophy. Two weeks ago we gave the portrait of Captain DE GRESS, who had distinguished himself by a gallant action; and we deem it proper that the private soldier also should receive the merit due to his bravery.

THE REFUGEE.

A FRIEND and I were strolling down
The gay and crowded street,
When with a pale and sad-eyed one
It was our chance to meet.

My friend had bowed to ladies fair,
Who passed and were forgot;
He bowed to her, and on his cheek
I saw a crimson spot.

And yet it was no flush of shame
Upon his cheek that burned;
His look was soon as sad as hers:
To look at her I turned.

Her years they might have been two score,
Her step was sad and slow;
Not weariness—but just that pace
At which all mourners go.

Though poor, around her yet there was
That nameless grace, which says,
Even to careless passers by,
"I have seen better days."

"Tell me," said I, "why you, who wear
A soldier's name and sword,
Changed color as she passed us by—
Passed us without a word."

His eyes flashed flame. "My blood," he said,
"It near to madness stirs
To meet that sad, that patient one,
And think what wrongs are hers.

"Two years ago—alas, how changed!—
A fond, proud wife was she,
And mother, too, of three fair sons—
Three fairer could not be.

"Her noble husband to his flag
And to his country true,
Was foully slain, at midnight, by
A cruel traitor crew.

"Slain, not in open, manly fight;
But on his own hearth-stone
She saw his life-blood ebb away,
And heard his dying groan.

"She heard the troopers' curses deep
Re-echo through the hall;
She saw the lurid flames spread fast,
She saw the roof-tree fall.

"When morning came, half crazed she stood
There desolate and lone,
Gazing with tearless eye upon
A mass of whitened bone;

"All that was left of him whose love
Had made her life so sweet
Now mingled with the ashes of
Her home now at her feet."

"But where were they, her noble boys,
In this her hour of woe?"
"Ah! they had sought the battle-field
Ere fell this fearful blow.

"Two were with Grant when Vicksburg fell."
"The other, where was he?"
"Another flag above him waved
At Richmond, under Lee.

"And him she mourns as worse than dead,
For in this deadly strife
He battles on the side of those
Who took his father's life.

"Bright-eyed, glad-hearted, once she dwelt
In lovely Tennessee;
Slow-paced, sad-eyed, sad-hearted now,
She's here a Refugee."

THE WOMAN IN BROWN.

"MONEY! More money? Mrs. Wilde, I am perfectly astonished!"

"It isn't for myself, Eugene," faltered the timid little wife, flushing up to the roots of her hair; "but the ladies in the church are trying to make up a little sum for the poor soldiers in hospital, and—"

"Twen-ty-five dol-lars!" slowly enunciated Mr. Wilde, as if every syllable were a hundred-pound weight hurled at his defenseless partner. "For the soldiers! Do I pay taxes, Mrs. Wilde, or do I not? Are my resources drawn upon by the Government, every day in the year, or are they not, for this very object? I am *not* made of gold, Mrs. Wilde, whatever you may think; I assure you that it is only by the practice of the most rigid economy that I am able at the year's end to bring my expenses within my annual income. Besides, I very cordially disapprove of these outside charities. It's Government's business to provide for the sick soldiers; *I* can't afford to pay the debts of the whole War Department; and what's more, I won't!"

Eustace Wilde was standing in front of a garnet-clear coal-fire, on the hearth-rug, buttoning up his gloves for the daily down-town jaunt that opened his day's business, a handsome, stylish-looking man, with a silky black mustache and a portly figure attired in garments that fitted him as only Broadway suits can fit; while Maggie, his wife, sat before the coffee urn in a pretty morning dress of buff gingham, with deep linen cuffs, and a little white collar tied with maize-colored ribbon. She had a very sweet face, shadowed with heavy brown hair and bright hazel eyes, in whose translucent depths there lurked just a gleam of piquant fire; but somehow there was a weary, care-worn look about the delicately-moulded features, a tired droop of the lashes, and a dark ring under the eyes that made one instinctively remember patient Martha of old, "burdened with many cares."

She took up her little porte-monnaie with a disappointed face to replace it in the pocket of her black silk apron.

"What shall I tell the Committee, Eustace?"

"Tell them, Mrs. Wilde," said her husband, dogmatically, "that at the present scale of prices economy is the chief duty of us all. The soldiers will, I have no doubt, be cared for by the proper authorities. *I* must decline to subscribe. You observe, my dear," he added, glancing at a bank-note that lay on the shining damask table-cloth, "that I have already placed housekeeping funds for the week at your disposal. I must beg of you to use proper discretion in its expenditure."

"Five dollars is not enough, Eustace," said Mrs. Wilde, with a stolid courage born of desperation.

"Not *e-nough?*"

Maggie raised her eyebrows a little impatiently.

"If you think, Eustace, that five dollars will pay the butcher, settle the baker's account and the ice-man's bill, and then leave enough for daily marketing expenses, I should like to have you remain at home and take charge of the finances yourself—that's all!"

"My dear, you must purchase cheaper articles."

"But, Eustace, you know how fastidious you are about your meals."

"That has nothing to do with the question," said Mr. Wilde, a little shortly. "We must economize, my dear—we must, indeed."

Maggie Wilde colored, and bit her lip. Economize!—when she had sat through all the sunshiny hours of yesterday over a weary work-basket mending little dresses, and darning tiny socks, and re-trimming her own bonnet to save unnecessary expenditure. Economize!—when she wore her old shawl, and made over her old dresses, and heard the children's lessons, to dispense with a governess's salary! Poor Maggie! It *was* rather hard to be accused of extravagance under these circumstances. A quick answer trembled on her lip, but she forced back the angry words, and answered in a subdued tone:

"Indeed, I try not to be extravagant, Eustace."

"But you *must* be, my dear, or else where in the name of common sense does all the money go? *I* never spend any thing."

"Don't you?"

"Never, my dear—never. Depend upon it the escape valve is somewhere in the housekeeping. It would be much better to devote your energies to domestic economy than to running about collecting money for the soldiers—*very* much better, Maggie. And, moreover, I can not very well let you have any more this morning; my funds are running decidedly low."

"You had fifty dollars in that pocket-book the day before yesterday," said Maggie, quietly, "and I have used but ten of it."

"Ten? you must have had more than ten."

"Not a cent," said Maggie, firmly.

"The coal bill. I paid the coal bill out of it, and that was twenty, you remember, Mrs. Wilde," said Eustace, triumphantly.

"Then where are the other twenty dollars?"

Mr. Wilde twisted himself a little, as though his pearl-colored over-coat were rather a tight fit.

"Business, my dear; you can't be expected to understand any thing about business matters."

"But *what* particular business?" persisted his wife.

"Maggie," said Mr. Wilde, solemnly, "this isn't to the purpose at all. A woman's mind isn't adapted to comprehend business relations; she should confine herself to the one grand point, economy. Reduce your expenses; bring every thing within the narrowest possible outlay. I think it would be a very good plan, my dear, to keep a little account of your daily disbursements, and I could glance over it every night, and check off any little items that struck me as clearly superfluous."

Maggie's dark eyes began to sparkle ominously; she played nervously with the golden circle of her wedding-ring.

"You would find no items of that description, Mr. Wilde."

"You think not, I have no doubt; but women seldom understand the nicer distinctions of economy, and—"

But Mrs. Maggie rose quietly to her feet, and walked out of the room, slamming the door behind her with a good deal of vehemence. The slender thread of her patience had been strained to its utmost tension, and had snapped asunder at last.

She sat down, and—of course—cried heartily.

"And I was so sure of that money for the poor soldiers," she thought, between the bright drops. "It seems so little for us to give them, when they are doing and enduring so much for us! I can not brook this—I *must* not! Eustace has harped quite long enough on this particular string—it must be put an end to! There *is* some difference between pinching parsimony and judicious economy. O Maggie Wilde! if woman's wit don't help you out of this perplexity you deserve to sink into a mere household drudge, whose idols shall be gold, silver, and copper!"

How haughtily the red arch of her lips curved!—how defiantly the brown eyes glittered through their moisture! Beware, Mr. Eustace Wilde—your wife will be a match for you yet, although you rejoice in a beaver hat and a mustache, and the superb consciousness of manhood, while she—is nothing but a woman!

"Bridget," said Mrs. Wilde, coming into the kitchen where her Milesian cook was chopping spices for some elaborate made-dish wherein the heart of Eustace Wilde delighted, "will you lend me your old bonnet and cloak to-morrow?"

Bridget stared in open-mouthed amazement.

"Sure, ma'am, and why would ye be after wantin' 'em? They're not dacent for the likes o' you."

"Never mind; I wish to borrow them for a particular reason, and your old brown dress also, if you will lend it."

"You're welcome as flowers in May, ma'am," said honest, puzzled Bridget; "but it's a queer fit they'll be for you, darned, an' patched, an' faded."

But Mrs. Wilde only laughed.

The rain was pattering drearily against the breakfast-room window the next morning as Eustace Wilde sauntered slowly in, but Maggie's chair was empty.

"Where's your mistress, Mary?" he asked the waitress.

"She's breakfastin' with the childer, Sir. Master Charlie's got the toothache, and won't be quiet without his mamma stays."

"Maggie spoils those children," thought Mr. Wilde, shrugging his shoulders. Breakfast was rather a dismal meal without his wife's bright face opposite to him, and he did not linger long over it.

"A bleak day," he soliloquized as he opened his umbrella and strode forth into the rain and wind. "It's a good thing the stages run only a block off."

He took his seat, unfolding the morning paper, all unconscious of the shabbily-dressed woman, veiled and wrapped in a coarse brown cloak, who entered the stage at the next corner. Nor did he observe that she descended at the same street where he pulled the check-string to alight.

As he entered the covered stairway leading to his office, in a massive marble building, a bluff-looking man advanced to meet him.

"Look here, Wilde, I've been waiting here these fifteen minutes, and I'm in a deuce of a hurry too."

"I *am* a little behind time this morning," said Eustace, shaking the rain-drops in a dingy shower from his umbrella. "Come up to the office, Hall."

"I can't; I haven't a minute to stay. I just came round to see if you could pay that little bill."

"What bill?"

"Why, your share of the supper at D——'s, and the ride afterward."

"Oh! yes—yes. Well, how much is it?"

"Only a trifle—eight dollars."

Mr. Wilde leisurely opened his pocket-book and placed one or two bills in his companion's hand.

"That's right, I believe. A very unpleasant day. Good-morning, Hall!"

He ran briskly up the long flight of stairs, two steps at a time, while the shabby woman, who had been standing just outside the threshold during this colloquy, as if waiting for somebody, came into the vestibule to escape the driving rain.

"Give us a box of your very nicest cigars—tip-top!" bawled Jemmy Stokes, the office-boy, diving into the tobacco-store next door. "Quick! our boss is in a hurry. Ten dollars? that ain't much for a good article. I say, you might give me one for myself; I always get Mr. Wilde's cigars here."

"Take it, then, and get along with yourself," said the man of smoke. "What can I do for you, mem?"

"A penny-worth of Scotch snuff;" that was all the shabby woman in the faded brown cloak wanted. But even through the dingy veil her eyes sparkled—she must have been very fond of Scotch snuff!

The big bell of the City Hall was booming the first iron strokes of twelve as Mr. Wilde stood once more in the vestibule preparing to open his umbrella.

"Going to dinner, Martin?" he asked, as another legal luminary rattled down the stairs.

"Well, I suppose it's about time to think of such a thing," returned Mr. Martin.

"They have some capital turtle soup round the corner," said Wilde. "Come round with me, and try it, will you?"

Mr. Martin would certainly; he was not in the habit of declining such invitations, and the two set forth in high spirits. While close behind them glided the woman in brown!

The waiter looked a little surprised as the shabby apparition crept in and took her seat at one end of the long table where Eustace Wilde and his friend, Mr. Martin, had snugly established themselves; but waiters in a down-town restaurant soon cease to be surprised at any thing, and he came briskly forward to take her order.

"Cup o' tea, m'm—yes, m'm. Dry toast and sandwich—right off, m'm!"

Rather an abstemious meal compared with the dainty fare in which her neighbors were indulging—turtle soup, with flakes of unctuous green fat floating on the surface, roasted woodcocks, garnished with rich amber jelly, a bottle of rose-red claret to finish off with, and a basket of black Hamburg grapes, arranged with superb late peaches.

"Beg your pardon, m'm—you've got the wrong check—this 'ere's yourn!" ejaculated the waiter, as the woman in brown took up the check stamped "$6."

She laid it quietly down again: she had discovered all she wanted, and moved out of the restaurant as noiselessly as she had entered.

"It's very strange!" said Eustace Wilde, thoughtfully.

"What's strange?" inquired his friend, detaching a black-purple berry from the bunch of grapes on his plate.

"That woman who has just gone out in the faded cloak—did you observe what a delicate white hand she had?"

"She didn't look like one of the white-handed kind," observed Martin, carelessly.

"No; and that's what struck me as being so singular."

And with that Mr Wilde dismissed the subject from his mind.

Meanwhile the little brown phantom sped swiftly down the next street, fluttered up the long flight of marble stairs, and tapped softly at the door of Eustace Wilde's snug office.

"Come in."

Jemmy Stokes was sitting on the corner of the table cutting his initials neatly on the green morocco cover—an operation which he called "keeping office." He looked up rather disdainfully.

"Is—is Mr. Wilde in?"

"Gone to dinner," said Jemmy, laconically. "Be back in twenty minutes. Take care, ma'am—your wet dress 'll spoil Mr. Wilde's new office-chair. Take the old 'un, if you please!"

"The old one" was a handsome arm-chair whose green leather cushions were scarcely defaced; the "new one" was a superb affair of black walnut and crimson reps, with a movable desk attached to the arm.

"Is that style of chair very expensive?" asked Maggie, meekly, motioning her head toward it.

"Guess it is!" returned Mr. Stokes, with laudable pride. "Let me see; the bill's here somewhere; it only came this morning. Oh! here it is. Forty-five dollars that 'ere chair cost."

As the visitor made no comment Jemmy applied himself once more to the curl of the letter S on the morocco table-cover, secretly wondering what business that rusty female could have with the fashionable lawyer his master, while the penetrating eyes under the veil took in all the elegant little accessories of the luxurious office.

Click! click! came a pair of knuckles against the door. She started like a guilty thing, but it was only a half-grown boy, the very counterpart of Mr. James Stokes.

"Here's the books your boss ordered, and the bill."

"Jus' you leave 'em," said Jemmy; "Mr. Wilde 'll send the money round this arternoon. How much?"

"Twelve dollars fifty cents."

It was a handsome illustrated edition of a popular author, but the visitor dared not linger to look at it. Murmuring something about "calling again," she withdrew, much to Jemmy Stokes's relief. Nor was she too precipitate in her movements; she turned into Broadway her cloak brushed against Eustace Wilde's broadcloth garments.

She hailed a passing stage with one finger of the little white hand that was so incongruous to her rusty dress and misshapen bonnet.

"Quite enough for *one* day," said the brown phantom to herself, as she stood on tip-toe to pay the fare. "I'll have a little settlement with my lord to-night that shall astonish him—rather!"

And she laughed until the dimples danced over her cheeks, all alone by herself in the stage, and careless of drenched skirts and driving rain.

She was sitting at her work-table, the brown hair shining like bands of satin, and the neat figure attired in a black silk dress trimmed with glistening bugles, when Eustace came in that night. The table was set in the middle of the room, forming a pretty picture with its pearly damask and gilded china, and the urn steamed merrily on the tray.

"This looks comfortable," said Eustace Wilde, throwing himself into an easy-chair; "it's a dreary night outside."

"Is it?" said Maggie, innocently.

"My dear, you haven't any idea *how* dreary," said Mr. Wilde. "That's one of your feminine advantages; we men are forced to battle with the world in *all* weathers!"

Mrs. Wilde took her seat at the tea-table without remark, but her lips twitched a little at the corners.

"Eustace," she said, when her husband had lighted his evening cigar, and was just taking up an uncut *Harper*, "I am ready for you to look over my day's housekeeping accounts."

"Ah, very right," said he, approvingly, glancing his eye down the column of petty items. "Bread—vegetables—starch—steaks—total, one dollar, sixty cents. Don't you think, my dear, that we might economize by Bridget's making our bread instead of buying it?"

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Wilde, smiling. "And now, Eustace, suppose we make a little estimate of *your* day's expenses."

Mr. Wilde started at his wife, as if he thought her slightly demented.

"What for?"

"Oh, just to compare our ideas of economy."

"Nonsense!"

"No nonsense at all."

"But I don't remember—I couldn't tell!"

"Perhaps I can assist your memory a little, Sir. For your share of the supper at D——'s and the ride afterward, you paid eight dollars—a package of cigars, ten—a dinner of turtle soup, claret, etc., six. Your new office-chair—very splendid certainly—was forty-five—your illustrated edition of ——'s works, twelve dollars and a half. That amounts, I believe, to eighty-one dollars and fifty cents. Don't you think, my dear, you might *economize* a little?"

Eustace Wilde turned scarlet from his shirt collar to the roots of his hair. Had there been such a thing as a convenient chasm in the floor he must certainly have sunk into it.

"Maggie! are you a witch?"

"No, dear, I am only a woman."

"How the deuce did *you* know?"

"I found out," said Maggie, quietly; "I must confess that I had no idea how *very* expensive business was."

Eustace moved uneasily in his seat.

"I give it up, Maggie," he said; "I'll own you have me there. Be merciful, little woman, and don't abuse your victory. But I *do* wish I knew how you heard of it."

Maggie smiled. "If this is a specimen of every day's expenses, it's no wonder you can not spare any money for the Soldier's Fund, or—"

"*Don't*, Maggie!" he pleaded, hurriedly drawing out his purse, and placing it in her hands, "take what you wish, my dear."

"I'll be moderate," said Mrs. Maggie; "I suppose you would like to subscribe at *least* fifty dollars for the sick soldiers."

"Just whatever you please, my dear," said Eustace, with a grimace.

And from that day to this, whenever Maggie Wilde wants any extra funds, she has but to hint at "daily expenses" and Eustace's pocket-book flies open as if by magic, although he has never yet discovered *how* she found it out.

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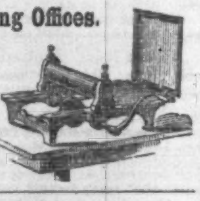

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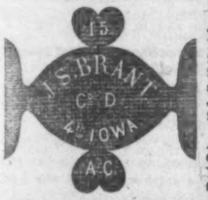

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